

THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL



WHEN THE RICE BOWL IS EMPTY

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA INC.
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Universities, Colleges, and Schools

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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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MARYKNOLL

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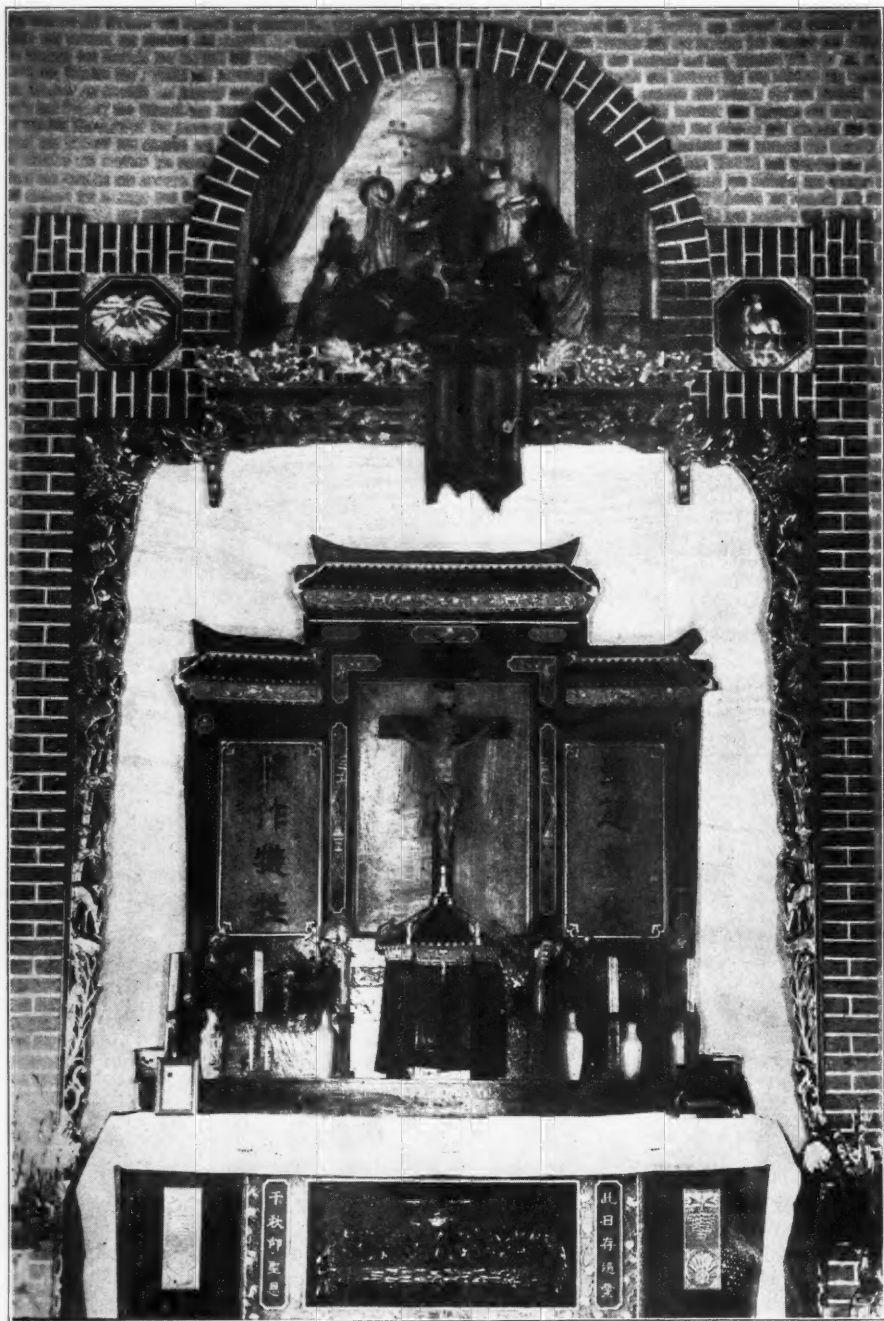
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**THE HIGH ALTAR AT BISHOP WALSH'S PRO-CATHEDRAL
IN KONGMOON, SOUTH CHINA**

This altar was designed and executed by a Maryknoll Brother Albert Staubli



THE FIELD AFAR

FEBRUARY, 1930



A VISITATION OF THE KONGMOON CHRISTIANS

By Bishop Walsh

(Bishop Walsh, who was recalled to the States last summer to attend the first Maryknoll General Chapter, returned to China on January eighth, leaving San Francisco with Bishop Dunn, Auxiliary of New York, and Monsignor Ford, Prefect Apostolic of the Maryknoll Kaying Mission.)



TRAVEL in Kwangtung Province nowadays affords a large measure of that basic quintessence of all enjoyment, which is contrast. A trip of any duration will exemplify practically

all the modes of travel known to mankind, ancient or modern, with the sole exception of flying. This constant alteration from sampan to bicycle, from auto bus to horseback, and from palanquin to shank's mare, robs travel of its one drawback, monotony.

Having begun this most recent visitation of my Christians on foot, with a Pontifical in my brief case, and in my pocket a hundred dollars borrowed from the long-suffering Brother Procurator, I headed for Sun Chong and Fr. Cairns, a human dynamo of energy whom a decade of the South China climate has not slowed down.

Riding like a Veteran—

Fr. Cairns is an expert rider of the bicycle. He can propel it at a snail's pace through the crowded alleys of Sun Chong, dodging playing babies and oblivious pedestrians, like a Carlisle Indian weaving his way down a football field. His invitation to follow suit was nonchalantly laughed off by an unfortunate wretch whose mind was reaching back twenty-five years in an effort to recall when he last bestrode one of these contraptions. Mingled with this mental labor was considerable speculation as to just what would happen when he essayed to bestride one again. But we are out of the city and



RT. REV. JAMES E. WALSH

here is the open road; there is no putting off the inevitable. An anxious glance around reveals many people. No luck—why could not this spot be deserted for once? Whatever is going to happen now is not going to be wasted on the desert air. No one could ask a larger—or apparently a more curious—audience. By some fatality it is market day, and the road is simply crowded. The two foreigners with their bicycles have the spotlight. One of them seems to be stalling. The beginning of the road does not suit him; he trundles the bike to a more favorable spot. Follow elaborate tuckings in of cassock and adjustments of trouser legs. He presents the singular phenomenon of a foreigner who is not in the least hurry. His bluffing becomes transparent. A bystander smiles and remarks that the foreigner probably does not know how to ride a bicycle. This confirms a suspicion in the prospective rider's own mind. A last appeal is made to his companion with a remark about it being very awkward to ride a bicycle in a cassock. But all the sympathy this elicits from the flinty Fr. Cairns is the admonition to "shake a leg". As there is no way out, the only thing left is to jump in. Calling on the heavenly court, the miserable one clutches the bars with a death grip, and steps on the pedal in a desperate lunge.

There is a wild lurch, and the interest of the bystanders changes into solicitude for their own safety. But the trouble is over. The careening bicycle is indeed taking up the whole road; but the rider is right side up, even if he is wondering how he got there. Soon the feel of the thing comes back; the twenty-five years begin to roll away, and so does the road. It all ends in a picture of two ecclesiastics pedaling soberly along to their rendezvous at a Christian village. "You ride like a veteran," says Fr. Cairns, as we negotiate a bridge consisting of a wooden plank two feet wide. Probably he means a veteran of the Civil War, but the doubtful praise is gratefully accepted.

The Sunning Railway—

The next morning, a perfectly good breakfast of rice gruel and scalding tea is interrupted by a breathless messenger advising us to run for the approaching train. The Sunning Railway will take us to easy reaching distance of another village we wish to visit. Hurried grabs for breviary, mosquito net, and all sorts of baggage are followed by a morning sprint not included in our private rule. We felt very much like veterans indeed, as wind plays out and legs begin to seem strangely light and unsteady. The passing years must take their toll, even of missionaries who spend their lives on the Kwangtung trail. It is an open question whether we or the engine are puffing most, as we struggle up to the train in the nick of time and climb aboard.

Third class is favored by us as the

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PROMOTE OUR LORD'S INTERESTS

place to ride. For the least money you get the most entertainment. Its long, crowded benches are hard, but they face each other and make of their occupants companions, rather than mere passengers. It is hard to board one of these trains without meeting types returned from America. On this occasion, a kindly old gentleman announced to us that he had spent ten years in Santy Papa (Santa Barbara). At this intelligence, we pressed on him an orange we had salvaged from breakfast. He reciprocated by making us eat some peanuts. We all then expressed our opinions of Santa Barbara and Sunning, and agreed that they were both pretty good places. Finally, "Did you ever join any church in America?"

"No," said the old chap, "I never did. Lots of people tell me, you join this church, that church, some other church. I see people all not friends; I think not join any church more better—then I all the time friends with everybody."

"You are the friend of everybody except the two who count, yourself and God," was replied to the philosophical old man, but at the same time we were forced to consider his reaction to the sad rents in the divine seamless garment as entirely natural.

A Catholic, so Irish—

At Sunning City, we left the train, and climbed into an auto bus that would take us very close to our final destination, the Catholic village of Uen Taam. Sitting next to the writer, was a supercilious young man. After photographing the foreigner's outlines on his retina by a very long time exposure, the young person inquired in excellent English as to the nationality of his fellow traveller. "American."

"What is your occupation?"

"I am a Catholic priest."

At that information, he turned to a companion and remarked, "An Irishman."

"Why, this is interesting," for the remark was loud enough to overhear, "I tell you I am an American, and you conclude I am an Irishman. How does your mind work?"

"Oh, I thought all Catholic priests were Irish."

"Where did you discover that? Judg-

ing from your English, you have been in America yourself."

"No, but I was born in Vancouver."

"So that's it? In Canada, all Catholic priests are Irish. Here in your own country, they are all supposed to be French. I suppose in Patagonia they are all put down for Corsicans—or something else. Evidently there exists somewhere a great interest in the Catholic priest that manifests itself in putting him into these nice little pigeon holes. However, you will find him a



A CONNECTICUT PRIEST. FR. KENNELLY, ON A CHINESE HORSE

rather ubiquitous person. Right here in your own country, there are a thousand priests of your own race." But the engine roared, and the bus started. Soon the attention of both my friend and myself was centered on clinging to our seats, while he hoped, and I prayed, that our lively chariot would cling to the road.

A conversation of a similar nature was reported by our seminary cook recently. He met a Chinese just returned from America, who asked him what he was working at. He said he was working for the American missionaries at the Catholic Mission. "But that's impossible—they can't be Americans. There are no Catholics in America."

"Well, that's strange," said the cook, "I ought to know the people I am working for, and they are certainly Americans."

"But you must be mistaken—I have just come from America, and nobody is a Catholic there."

The cook began to be bewildered. "Do you mean to say there isn't a Catholic in America?"

"Well, not to speak of. Come to think of it, there are a few Irish people who belong to that church."

The cook had never heard of Ireland, so this only added to his mystification. However, he grasped at a clue, "Did you join any church in America?" The questioner mentioned some fantastic sect. "Then you probably had little occasion to learn about Catholics in America," concluded the cook, and he went on to the market stalls to buy his wares.

Where does this form of misrepresentation originate? One can only conjecture that the responsibility lies at the door of such as it may be expected to benefit.

A Bit of an Ordeal—

During the first tyronic years, the visiting of the Christians in their villages is a bit of an ordeal, albeit a pleasurable one. One's vocabulary is quite limited, and so also is the range of possible subjects, yet the Christians crowd around during the whole time of the visit to entertain and be entertained. They give you all their time, and you must reciprocate by giving them all of yours. First you must pretend to recognize them all, if you have

The Field Afar has no paid agents, and never has had any. Its progress through a period of twenty-two years has been directed along Catholic lines, namely with the co-operation of favorable Bishops, and kindly disposed pastors.

Its circulation is not as large as we would like to have it, but it is gratifying to feel that it has followed a course appreciated by the hierarchy, the clergy, and the laity.

ever seen them before. Then you make your little arrangements for confessions and Mass. Of course, there is examination in the catechism and prayers. That done, there will be a question or two about the crops and the outlook for business, the chances for peace, and the general state of the country; and perhaps a discussion about the probable salary of somebody's cousin who migrated to Singapore—and that's about all.

Then one begins to rack his brain for subjects, and, after finding them, he must carefully eliminate all that do not happen to fit his vocabulary. One great life-saver is the history of the village: "Who is the oldest Christian? What priest came first? Who built the chapel? How much did it cost? and so forth." But it is a real task, and can be likened to our nightmarish ventures into what is called society in former days, when we sat next to strange dinner partners, and wondered the whole time what in the world we could think of to say to them.

The Examiner's Problems—

However, all this changes with the years and the attendant growth in knowledge of the language, until every minute of these long social calls becomes a joy. Visiting in the capacity of a bishop is particularly easy and agreeable. The pastor of the district always goes along, and that means there are two to divide up the work of entertaining. Again, as the bishop does not often see the people in their villages, it is only natural and expected for him to spend his whole time talking about religion, and that saves him casting around for topics. Besides, the catechism examinations for Confirmation will consume a lot of time. A nice old lady was being examined. Not much headway was being made. Both she and the examiner were speaking many words, but apparently their minds were not meeting. Finally, the catechist said to the examiner, "You are speaking Cantonese, and she does not understand you."

"Well, translate it into the local dialect."

"She doesn't understand that either."

"What language does she speak?"

"She speaks the language of that village over there," pointing vaguely.

"Oh, you have a language to every village around here, have you? Well, find somebody who knows her language."

"There isn't anybody here who knows her language. Besides, it would not be any use, because she is stone deaf, anyhow."

Fortunately, she was over sixty years old, so she got Confirmation on general principles. But the way of the examiner is hard.

Rubrics in South China—

Whoever invented the episcopal ring did no favor to missionary bishops. It is a source of embarrassment, though of amusement as well, on these village visits. Our people are not very far advanced in the liturgy. Some merely look at the ring, some bow to it, some smell it, some blow on it, some spit on it, babies think it's candy and suck it, a few kiss it, and, finally, all ask how much it cost. Heaven knows how many germs it disseminates in the course of all these peculiar rubrics. It was indeed fortunate that a recent decision leaves optional the kissing of the ring before receiving Holy Communion, as the attempt to follow this rubric in our missions would surely reduce the wearer of the ring to a state of nervous prostration.

But these are only some of the minor items that help to make up the spice of visitations. After Mass and Con-

firmation in the morning, followed by a lame sermon, we say a last "God bless you" to the kindly folk who are our joy and our crown, and push off to the next station.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Pius XI, Pope of the Missions—

This timely and very interesting booklet by the Rev. Francis J. Burke, S. J., is the second in a mission series issued by the Jesuit Mission Press, Inc. It presents in a forceful way the fact that the present Holy Father is the center from whom the important and intensive mission activities of recent years have radiated. Single copy, 10¢; fifty copies, \$4.

A Garland of Saints for Children—

By the Rev. M. A. Chapman. Published by Frederick Pustet Co., Inc.

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Marry Your Own—

By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by Queen's Work Press, 3115 S. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. Single copy, 10¢; fifty copies, \$4.50; one hundred copies, \$7.00; one thousand copies, \$60.00.



FR. RAUSCHENBACH OF THE KONGMOON VICARIATE VIEWING A PAGAN TEMPLE DESTROYED BY ORDER OF THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT

SPREAD YOUR FAITH

The Note Page

THE Centenary of Blessed Théophane Vénard was kept in mind last year. Echoes of remembrance came to us from France, and from many sections of the United States. What pleased us especially was a letter from children in Manteno, Ill., telling us that they had received Holy Communion on Blessed Théophane's birthday.

The Special Extraordinary Mission sent out from Rome last November by His Holiness Pope Pius XI to Ethiopia, with His Excellency Archbishop Marchetti at its head, was made up of four members, representing four nationalities, Italian, French, American, and Chinese.

Our Maryknoller in Rome, Fr. Considine, was the privileged American representative. The Chinese was Fr. Yupin, Professor of Chinese Literature in Rome; and the French member was Msgr. Tisserant, Secretary of Oriental Languages at the Vatican library.

We register the departure from this life of two special Maryknoll friends, both of Europe, Father Edmund Farmer of Mill Hill, London; and Baroness Von Hoffman of Merano, Italy.

Father Farmer was for many years rector of Mill Hill's Preparatory College, and later Assistant General of his Society.

Baroness Hoffman, American-born, but an esteemed resident of Merano in the Tyrol, has been interested in Maryknoll from the beginning. To her we owe two very precious relics of the True Cross, and one of the Crown of Thorns, a rare gift made to her years ago by the late Cardinal Ferrata, while nuncio to Paris.

We ask prayers for their souls.

The most recent *Bulletin* of the Catholic University of Peking is the sixth issued from the China Mission Office of St. Vincent Archabbey, Latrobe, Pennsylvania, and it is as scholarly, interesting, and attractive in make-up as its

predecessors, which is high praise indeed.

We hope that the first article in particular, announcing the project of a new building at the Catholic University of Peking, designed in the traditional architectural style of China by the famous Benedictine artist, Dom Adelbert Gresnigt, will enlist the sympathy and aid of many American Catholics. The urgent need of this additional building is a significant indication of the success already achieved by the Catholic University; and it should be an honor to coöperate in an American work on Chinese soil which is so dear to the Holy Father.

Since we of Maryknoll have a special interest in the "Land of the Morning Calm", we read with keen disappointment that an article on *Korean Art* by Dom Andreas Eckardt, O.S.B., which was to have appeared in this number of the *Bulletin*, was destroyed by fire in the mails. We trust that the article will be rewritten, as, in ages gone by, the Korean peninsula was once the scene of a highly developed and very interesting culture.

Announcement has been made of a Cruise to the Eucharistic Congress at Carthage, to be held in May, 1930, and thereafter to the Passion Play at Oberammergau. The pilgrims will sail on the S. S. *Araguaya* of the Royal Mail Line, on April 23rd, visiting Algiers, Gibraltar, and reaching Tunis the evening of May 6th.

The S. S. *Araguaya* is one of the popular cruising steamers operated by the Royal Mail Line. While the service will be first class, the rates quoted are very reasonable; from \$520 up, covering a period of forty days, and dependent upon location of cabins.

This cruise has the official approval of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, who has appointed Rt. Rev. John P. Chidwick, D.D., Spiritual Director for the New York Archdiocese. It has also been approved by several other dignitaries of the Church.

TWO TITLES FOR YOUR WILL (Give both to your lawyer)

Catholic Foreign Mission Society
of America, Incorporated

Foreign Mission Sisters of
St. Dominic, Incorporated

Immediate application for cabin space is essential, as cabin space will be sold in the order in which such applications are received.

On October twenty-first, the day following "Mission Sunday", a Departure Ceremony was held in St. Louis, Missouri, for four Religious of the Sacred Heart, soon to leave for the Orient. The Sisters were Mother St. Germain, from the local Convent; Mother Brady, from the Convent in Montreal, Canada; Mother Halliwell, from the Mother House and Novitiate at Kenwood, Albany, N. Y.; and Mother Hill, from the Madison Avenue House, New York City. Mother Brady is going to the Sacred Heart Convent in Tokyo, Japan, the other three to the Sacred Heart Convent in Shanghai; it being the desire of the Mother General that, henceforth, Canada send religious to Japan, and the United States to China. The Sacred Heart Convent in Tokyo, Japan, was founded in 1908; the Convent at Kobe, Japan, in 1923; while the Shanghai Convent dates from 1926.

While the four new missionaries were in St. Louis, they visited the tomb of the Venerable Philippine Duchesne, which is at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in St. Charles, about twenty miles distant from the metropolis. The Cause of Beatification and Canonization of Mother Duchesne is now in progress at Rome, one of the necessary miracles having been approved.

Among the guests present at the ceremony were the mother and sister of a Maryknoll Sister who is in China.

The group sailed from Vancouver on November second.

SUBSCRIBE FOR A FRIEND

The Passing of a Maryknoll Friend

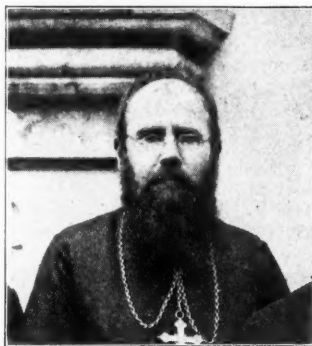
NEWS from the interior of China still travels slowly, and, though it was last June that Bishop Maurice Ducoeur, Vicar Apostolic of Nanning in Kwangsi Province, went to God, an account of the particulars of his holy death has reached us only recently.

Up to the present time, all of the fields in the Far East where our Maryknoll missionaries are at work were formerly evangelized by priests of the Paris Foreign Mission Society. The Maryknoll Wuchow Mission in the eastern part of Kwangsi Province is no exception. It was Bishop Ducoeur who asked Maryknoll to take over a considerable section of eastern Kwangsi, with the important treaty port of Wuchow as the principal city and center. The fact that the initial efforts of our Father Meyer and his priests have been attended with success in this difficult field has been due in no small measure to the constant encouragement and wise guidance of Bishop Ducoeur.

Bishop Ducoeur was only fifty-one at the time of his death, and had spent more than half of his life in South China, having been assigned to Kwangsi Province in 1901, shortly after his ordination at the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary. He never returned to France in all those years, and it was only in 1929 that he undertook the journey which was to end in his death at Marseilles.

When the young Father Ducoeur reached Kwangsi Province in 1901, he was at once entrusted with responsible posts, and proved himself an excellent missionary. After the death of Bishop Lavest in 1910, Father Ducoeur was chosen as his successor. He was for a time the youngest Catholic bishop in the world.

The Mission of which he was the head has still, today, a smaller number of Catholics than any other Province of China proper. Though the soil of Kwangsi has been watered by the blood of mar-



RT. REV. MAURICE DUCOEUR,
VICAR APOSTOLIC OF NANNING

tyrs, the Faith has always spread slowly among the rude mountaineers of this section of South China. Throughout Bishop Ducoeur's ministry, Kwangsi was the scene of civil disorders, and trials followed one another in rapid succession.

Owing to lack of funds, he was unable to keep the teaching Marist Brothers at Nanning. In 1912, a group of lepers whom he had taken under his protection were brutally massacred, by order of the Chinese authorities. Almost all his missionaries were called for

military service during the World War. The Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres who had been at work in the Nanning Mission were recalled, and sent to labor in less sterile regions of China. In 1923, Father Louis Tsin, a young Chinese priest trained by the Bishop, was massacred by brigands.

Bishop Ducoeur had an intense faith in God, and found relief from his trials during long hours of prayer. It was not his nature, however, to throw anxieties lightly aside, and each new worry told on his health. When, in 1929, he at length consented to seek medical treatment in France, he had a presentiment that he would not return. From Hong Kong, he sent a farewell message to all his missionaries. A passage of this message reads: "Keep among you that spirit of charity which has helped us so much in the past, and which has been remarked by all those who have come in contact with the missionaries of Kwangsi."

These words of farewell were singularly fitting, for Bishop Ducoeur's own most marked apostolic characteristic was an all-embracing and a never-wearying charity.

When Bishop Ducoeur, accompanied by the eldest of his mis-



NEWLY ARRIVED HELPERS FOR FR. MEYER, SUPERIOR OF THE MARYKNOLL WUCHOW FIELD, KWANGSI PROVINCE

Fr. Mulcahy Fr. Meyer Fr. Regan Fr. Dempsey

PRAY FOR MISSIONS

sioners, Father Héraud, reached Marseilles, he was in a dying condition. His sister was immediately summoned. This sister, the happy mother of ten children, had looked forward eagerly to caring for the brother whom she had not seen for twenty-eight years, and had hoped to take him to Lourdes.

In a letter to the missionaries of Kwangsi, she described as follows her brother's death:

Up to the end, he continued to pray for sinners. The chaplain of the hospital said to him, "Bishop, you have given your entire life for sinners, take some rest, now that you are dying." My brother only smiled and continued his ejaculations.

Father Héraud knelt down and said to his dying Superior, "Monseigneur, give me your blessing, and give it also to all the missionaries of your distant field." The Bishop stretched out his hands in blessing, raising them as high as he was able, and he remained in this position until his strength failed him.

At the moment of death, my brother opened his eyes wide and looked upwards with an expression of indescribable happiness. "Is what you see so very beautiful?" I asked, weeping. "Is heaven really so beautiful?" He nodded his head slightly in response, and his soul went to his Maker.

THE BOOKRACK IDEA

The bookrack idea is not new, but it has not yet taken in our churches the hold which it has elsewhere; for example, in the British Isles.

THE FIELD AFAR has a notable place in a few well-patronized bookracks, and we have often wished that these few could be multiplied. That is why the following lines are especially gratifying:

I am but a recent subscriber to your FIELD AFAR, but was impressed by a recent suggestion in it to such a degree that I am going to try it out. I have charge of Catholic Press in the parish, and wish to place THE FIELD AFAR in the bookrack. I am enclosing a small check to have you send me a corresponding number of the current issue. I have an idea that it will take. If so, I shall be only too glad to increase the number to the limit each month.

Hong Kong Activities

THE Maryknoll Sisters have been in Hong Kong since 1921. The development of their work in that great port of the Orient has been a record of steady progress.

The Maryknoll Sisters are directly under the Bishop of Hong Kong, and have received marked encouragement, first from the late venerable Bishop Pozzoni and, in recent years, from his gracious and kindly successor, Bishop Valtorta.

They are occupied at present with four important branches of work:

At Kowloon (across the bay from Hong Kong)—

1. *A Convent School*
2. *An Industrial Work*
3. *The Training of Candidates for a Native Sisterhood*
4. *A School for Chinese Girls.*

We add, for the benefit of our readers, a word concerning each of these activities.

At Kowloon, in the *Convent School*, the curriculum is entirely



AT THE HONG KONG CONVENT SCHOOL
Sr. Rosalie between China and India

in English, and there are about one hundred and fifteen pupils. The school consists of a kindergarten, and five lower grade classes; to which one grade will be added each year, until the number is completed. Many nationalities are represented in this school.

The Industrial Work engages forty or fifty girls, who are embroiderers of light-weight Church vestments, and linens. This work is all done by the Chinese, under the direction of a Sister.

The Novitiate for the training of a Native Sisterhood will later be organized at Kongmoon, in Maryknoll territory. At the present time, the candidates for this Chinese congregation are receiving some preliminary training and pursuing certain courses of study at the Kowloon Convent.

The Holy Spirit School at Hong Kong is reserved for Chinese girl students who desire an Anglo-Chinese education. The classes range from kindergarten to university entrance courses. Most of the students are pagan, but all attend a daily class in religion, and several come regularly to the convent for private instruction in the doctrine. The Catholic Faith, and the life of a Sister make a strong appeal to these girls, but many are not free to choose, because of marriages already arranged for them, and because of the exactions of pagan ancestor worship.

FROM A MORMON DISTRICT

THE foreign missions have no better friends than the home missionaries in various sections of the United States where hardships abound, both physical and spiritual. A young priest in a Mormon district of the West writes:

Enclosed please find a check for the support of my Chinese student in the Kongmoon seminary. I am forced to do my own washing, pressing, ironing, and so forth, in order to meet all my expenses. It is certainly a strange life, when compared to that of some of the pastors in the East.

Pray for my sheep fold and for me. I need prayers more than ever, now that I am in this Mormon country.

SUPPORT A CATECHIST

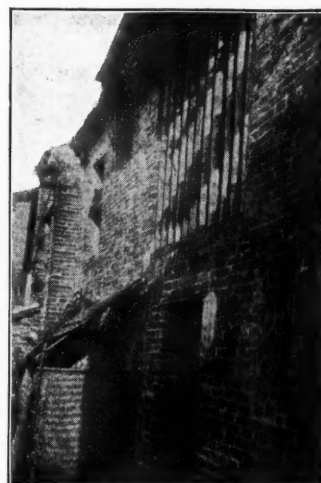
THE SEED THAT DIED BEGINS TO BEAR FRUIT



FATHER HODGINS' CHAPEL

FATHER ANTHONY HODGINS,
M.M.

This young Maryknoll missionary, at one time a lawyer in Brooklyn, N. Y., left for South China in September, 1920. Less than two years later, he died in that far land. His brief, but wholly devoted and zealous apostolate is now bearing fruit.



FATHER HODGINS' CHINESE HOME

IN September, 1921, when the first Maryknoll Mission in the Orient was only three years old, an American priest from Brooklyn, New York, who not so long before had been known in secular circles as a brilliant young lawyer, took up his abode in an ex-duck-shop on the river front of Chiklung. On his arrival, Father Anthony Hodgins, the young missionary to whom we refer, found only twenty Catholics out of the hundred who had formerly been baptized in Chiklung by French priests visiting this out-station. He was the first foreigner to reside in the little market town.

In a few short months, he had built a Catholic school and a temporary chapel, and had won over to the study of the Faith over two hundred catechumens. But, though Father Hodgins was of a strong constitution, conditions in the damp little mud-walled shop and his own unsparing labors weakened him, and brought on pneumonia. He died in South China on May 23, 1922, having spent less than two years on the mission field.

After Father Hodgins' death, six years passed during which no missionary could be spared for

Chiklung. Some months ago, however, a zealous young Maryknoller, Fr. George Bauer, took up his residence in the town, and began looking up those whom Father Hodgins had interested in the Faith. He writes:

Some fifty people have come under instruction, and I have had to find two emergency catechists. I have also been able to find some of the lost, or forgotten sheep, that have been long without the living waters of the "Sacred Fountain".

Recently I hit upon a trick of using Catholic news among my people. I translate into Chinese short items relating to the Church, and cut out illustrations from American periodicals. These latter are pasted on the ordinary Chinese paper, and a few words are added in explanation. This "Illustrated" of mine has roused great interest, both among Christians and pagans. So you see that Catholic periodicals sent to us do more than keep the cobwebs out of the missionaries' brains.

My "Illustrated", together with a sheet containing the Sunday sermon, is sent around to all the stations. The result has been a noticeable increase of faith, and of pride in the Catholic religion. The success obtained so far gives me courage to urge our friends to forward to Chiklung Catholic publi-

cations of all sorts, especially those containing good illustrations.

I am just back from a ten days' trip. In one little village, about half have come under instruction. While I was there, I explained the catechism for an hour each morning and night, and showed them a little supply of my "Illustrated". I got three men to the Sacraments for the first time since their Baptism. I baptized two children of one of these men, and his feeble seventy-four year old mother. She knew a little doctrine, and I explained the necessary articles of the Faith to her. I felt justified in not delaying her Baptism any longer, since she might die before I could see her again. At Sapa, some twenty or more want to come over from Protestantism. The Presbyterian mission has not been able to take care of them for a long time. I saw some fifteen of them personally, and, while I had the chance, I talked for over two hours, explaining the catechism. After that I asked to be taken around, and found that in their homes there were no superstitious emblems.

During part of my trip, I took an old fellow along with me who had been for many years a catechist under Bishop Gauthier. We went to Tin Pak, near which city there was formerly a

GET THE MITE BOX HABIT

Catholic chapel. But the rent had expired. In this place, we have some ten baptized Christians, and a number who were at one time catechumens. This old man of mine was almost heart-broken when he saw conditions, and though he is now seventy years of age, he offered to do several months' work for me in order to once more organize in this village the foundations of a Catholic community. Through him, I learned to know several well-to-do old friends of the French missionaries, who also said they would help along to get me started in Tin Pak city. They entertained me royally.

When I got back as far as Uetung, I was so exhausted that I could not eat the rice which had been prepared for me. In spite of this, one of the Tin Pak friends dragged me over to the officials' yamen, to make me acquainted with them. There I was asked about the doctrine, and I forgot my weariness. I talked for half an hour on the use of the Commandments to the individual, the family, and the nation; since the questions put to me by the officials dealt with this aspect of our Faith.

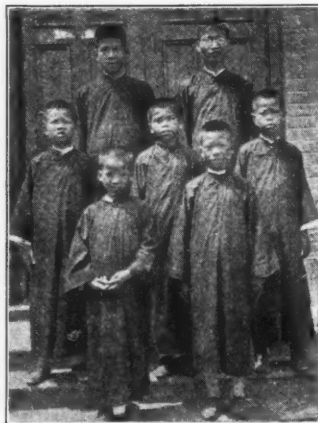
Last night I got back from the trip, gave the mail a glance, said my Office, and enjoyed a sound rest.

Today I am already at work again on my "Illustrated", and am slicing up a stack of papers that arrived while I was away. I am none the worse for the hot weather trip, and have brought back with me a soul full of consolation and of hope for the future of Chiklung.

Hope Dies Hard

FATHER TIBESAR, who directs the Japanese parish in Dairen, was invited by a "secular outfit" to give explanations while the moving picture, *King of Kings*, was being shown in that progressive city of South Manchuria.

For certain reasons (the story is long)—Fr. Tibesar was requested not to appear. The reason may be found in his own comment regarding the opposition: *They used to laugh at us; now they consider us a threat.*



PRIESTS IN THE MAKING

The latest report of the Maryknoll Wuchow Mission in South China records only seven hundred and twenty-one Catholics, most of them baptized within the last two years through the tireless efforts of our Fr. Meyer, the Superior of the Mission. And yet this field in distant China, where Christianity is just beginning, already has seven aspirants for the Eternal Priesthood of Our Divine Lord. This fact is a striking illustration of the importance which Maryknollers, and all Catholic foreign missionaries, attach to the development of a native clergy in mission lands. The Church is not solidly founded in a country until it has native priests.

The Wuchow Mission is probably the most destitute in all China as regards Church buildings, and the work of our priests there is pioneering pure and simple. There is as yet no preparatory seminary in the Wuchow Mission, but Maryknoll's Bishop Walsh in the neighboring Vicariate of Kongmoon has kindly received Fr. Meyer's aspirants to the priesthood into his already overcrowded seminary.

To anyone interested in founding the Church in virgin territory, we offer the opportunity of sponsoring a Wuchow seminarian at nine dollars a month. The boy sponsored will one day bear Christ in anointed hands to those who have never before known Him in the Sacrament of His Love.

BACK CHRIST'S ARMY

At all events, we wish that some *Maryknoll friend* who can do so would note and act upon this further suggestion from Fr. Tibesar:

I intend to give my own show on the "Life of Christ", when someone donates that stereopticon machine I asked for, some two years ago. Foolishly enough, I hoped to receive what I asked for. Still more foolishly, I prepared a Japanese lecture on some eighty-nine slides of Our Lord's Life. Most foolishly, I hope to get not only the machine this time, but also a complete set of slides on the catechism. Now don't all talk at once. *Take your time! I'm used to waiting for what I get.*

Inspiration for Missioners

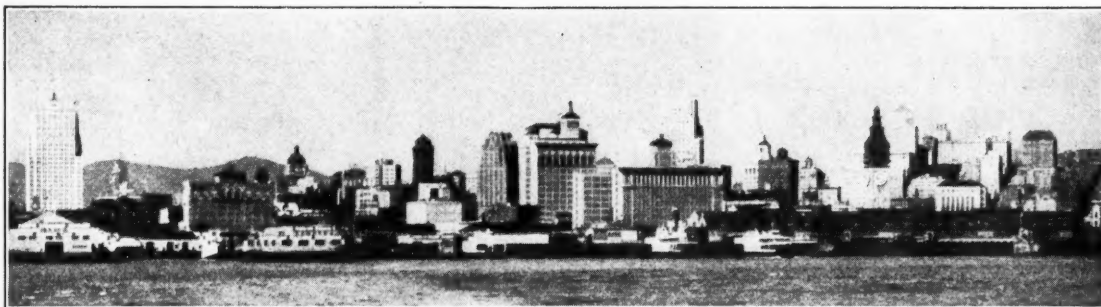
WE note frequently in our missioners' letters the desire for more reading matter, especially of the spiritual kind. A call for spiritual books usually brings a few duplicates, and, as yet, we have no book fund from which to meet these special and most commendatory requests. If some of our friends can make it possible for us to send out at this time some helpful reading to Asia, we shall be happy to carry out their intentions. Here is an extract from a recent letter, which we received from a zealous young missionary in South China:

Thank you very much for the life of Cardinal Mercier. I found it inspiring. I would like to get more spiritual books, but I realize that it would be too much to expect the Home Knoll to be supplying me all the time; and out here away from the sources, with no way of knowing of and judging about the books except from the book notices in the magazines, which notices often cannot be trusted, we have no guide for buying books.

I have not much money to spend for books, and I would like to be sure that the books I buy are good. I found *The Soul of the Apostolate*, by Dom Chautard, and *Our Priestly Life*, by Fr. Bruneau, both very good and helpful. If I could always get books of such fine quality, I would be happy.

To the Golden Gate and the Return Journey

(An account of the visitation made by the Father General to the several Maryknoll houses west of the Alleghenies)



THE SKYLINE OF SAN FRANCISCO AS SEEN FROM THE OAKLAND FERRY

FVER since a Maryknoll establishment was set up on the Pacific Coast (in 1917), the Superior has crossed the continent at least once a year to visit his sons, and later his daughters.

Habitually he made his trip in barely a month, even with added Maryknoll houses to visit; and one year, he passed eighteen nights out of thirty-odd on a train.

This year, with a full fledged Council left at the home base to provide for emergencies, and to share duties that formerly "waited for Father", he loitered along the way, yet regretting that he had to pass many good friends. His itinerary included Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Detroit, Toledo, St. Paul, Seattle, Portland, Sacramento, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Salt Lake City, Denver, St. Louis, and Cincinnati.

At *Rochester*, he was the guest of Bishop O'Hearn, and assisted at a splendid Mission Sunday celebration that was broadcast from the Cathedral. On that occasion, the sermon was preached by Bishop Walsh of Charleston, S. C.

At *Buffalo*, he called on Bishop Turner; on the Director of the Propagation of the Faith; and on some old priest friends, one of

whom drove him to St. Bonaventure's Seminary at Alleghany, where he addressed the students.

At *Detroit*, where he was graciously received by Msgr. Hunt of the Propagation of the Faith, he had his first experience with a travelling band-wagon. His host had provided him with a friend's car to make a trip outside the city. Shortly after starting, the chauffeur asked his fareless passenger if he would like some music, and thereupon turned on a radio switch. All went well till a busy corner was reached, when a red light stopped the car, just as a brass band selection came into and out of it over the radio, to the astonishment of the bystanders, and the embarrassment of the passenger. There are no radio attachments on Maryknoll cars, nor is there a going radio in the recreation room at the home base, but the switch was turned off in the auto.

At *St. Paul*, where the Superior was a guest of his revered lifelong friend, Archbishop Dowling, he addressed the student-body at the Seminary.

At *Seattle*, he remained a full week with Fr. Murrett and the Brothers, during which time he arranged for the building of a school and chapel, and baptized a very promising Japanese convert.

From Seattle, he visited St. Martin's College, at Lacey, and spoke to the student-body.

At *Portland*, he stayed with Archbishop Howard, on the way to San Francisco.

Father Keller met the Superior at Oakland, California, one Monday morning, and about two weeks later, left him at Sacramento bound for the East, a trifle over-fatigued (it goes without saying), but happy. Much was crowded into these two weeks, in and out of *San Francisco*, and they brought some anxiety, as the Sister Superior in the little convent of Los Altos was dangerously ill with pneumonia, from which she came out safely, thanks to prayers and a devoted physician.

The Maryknoll Junior Seminary at *Los Altos* grows steadily in attendance, and in attractiveness. There are twenty-three students in this Western Maryknoll. Much of the Seminary is yet in a rough condition, but all of it is habitable, and the chapel gives promise of a simple beauty that cannot but impress the youngsters who say their earnest prayers within its walls.

The Superior—we call him "General" now, but we have an idea that he prefers the old title—made several sallies out of San Francisco, including, of course, *San Juan Bautista*, the old mission over which our gray-haired, youthful confrère, Fr. Caffrey, presides with a new spirit.

There was a card party that night in the town hall, and the Su-

perior, as guest of honor, had the pleasure of meeting all the notables, from the Mayor down. He also talked on this occasion, and expressed appreciation of the fine spirit shown by all classes to his Maryknoll representatives.

At San Juan, in the patio, is a small frame house with three rooms, three beds, and a table. There were four to be accommodated that night, and although the Superior is recorded to have slept on a table occasionally in China, he accepted hotel accommodations, and put in a much needed rest, before leaving early next morning for Los Altos.

Some people have an idea that distances between cities on the Coast are comparatively short. Don't believe it. From Seattle to San Francisco, it takes two nights and a day; or, if you will, two days and a night. From San Francisco to Los Angeles is a run of some twelve to fourteen hours.

Los Angeles was waiting for the Superior's Mass on Sunday morning, and it pleased him immensely to note in the congregation, which he addressed, so many grown youths and maidens—all Japanese, whom he recalled as little ones, six and seven years ago. There is an excellent spirit among these convert children, and Fr. Lavery's interest meets with a generous response.

Did the Superior see Hollywood? Yes, but not the studios. He had his own movies and talkies, and these were not burdensome. Before leaving Los Angeles, he passed a pleasant evening with Bishop Cantwell, whose friendship Maryknoll prizes, and whose leadership in this rapidly growing city with its many problems is recognized by all classes as admirable.

Back then—after a rush to *San Diego*—he went to San Francisco, arriving in time to celebrate the Feast of the Presentation at the Major Seminary in Menlo Park, where he met Archbishop Hanna, just returned from the East, and



THE OLD CALIFORNIA MISSION AT SAN JUAN BAUTISTA, UNDER MOONLIGHT

full of the Dedication of St. Mary's Seminary at Baltimore.

At *Salt Lake City*, on the home run, Bishop Mitty, always a warm friend and an old neighbor of Maryknoll, received its head, and introduced him into the outer

courts of the Mormon Temple and elsewhere.

At *Denver*, he met Bishop Tihen, and stayed over as the guest of Fr. Smith, Editor of the popular *Register*, which is gradually finding its way into neighboring dioceses.



THE VISITOR AT SAN JUAN, WITH ITS PASTOR, FR. CAFFREY, M.M., AND FR. KELLER, M.M., OF SAN FRANCISCO

STRINGLESS GIFTS ARE BEST

At *St. Louis*, he had a few hours, allowing time to call on its gracious Archbishop, and to meet the "veteran" Maryknoll missionary, Fr. Adolph Paschang, who since the Chapter of last Summer has been angling for gold fish in the diocese of his birth, with His Grace's permission, of course. Fr. Paschang turned up at the railroad station on a cold night with an overcoat that spoke louder than words, and which this zealous apostle, when questioned, admitted had been borrowed from a relative, because he himself would soon return to a land where overcoats are not needed, and "why spend money foolishly?"

Cincinnati, next and last, but not least. Maryknoll has the warmest kind of a friend in Archbishop McNicholas, who always makes Maryknollers welcome, and who has even supplied for them a cozy home, on the grounds of the Preparatory Seminary at Mt. Washington.

The visit of our General coincided with a three days' celebration of the Seminary Centenary; and while he did not remain for all three days, he was deeply impressed with the Sunday exercises, a Pontifical Mass at the Cathedral, and, in the evening, a great *Chorale* of one thousand voices, all students. The Maryknoll General often speaks of the big things accomplished by American Catholics in the Middle West, and beyond, activities that are too little realized by their fellow religionists on the Atlantic border.

His objective, however, in Cincinnati, was a little group of boys—eight in number—who are the pioneers in Maryknoll's third Preparatory College, and it is needless to say that the Father was pleased indeed to greet his Cincinnati sons for the first time.

The Third Preparatory

THIS baby of the Maryknoll family is now six months old, and improving with age. To celebrate the occasion, we decided to have our picture

taken, and are sending you the result of a recent exposure.

Fr. Dietz, who is wintering at his home in Oberlin, dropped in not long ago to take a look at the newest Maryknoll. While here, the well-known language professor of the South China Missions was kept busy singing the Hail Mary à la chinoise, and deciphering the characters on the scrolls which adorn our walls. Movies of China, as she appears to the unbiased observer, gave us an insight into actual mission life and conditions, and proved to be a real treat which will long be remembered.

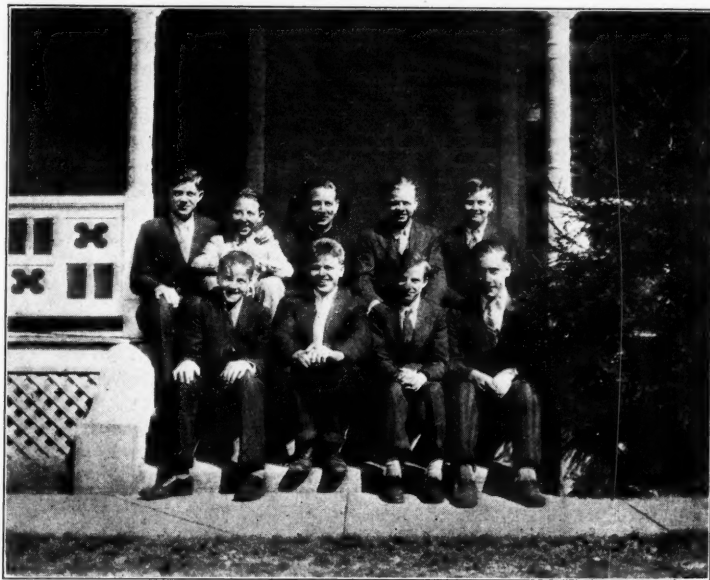
Our chapel is gradually taking permanent form; statues of our Blessed Mother and of St. Joseph, the gift of

FURTHERING THE CAUSE

The Maryknoll Annuity enables Catholics of moderate means, but of world-wide hearts, to co-operate in the extension of God's reign. Write now for further details.

Address: The V. Rev. Superior Maryknoll, N. Y.

fortunate as our brethren at Los Altos, who enjoy the mild winters of California, we are somewhat better off than our Vénard confrères, and have managed to keep the soccer ball in circulation up to the present writing. Have you ever tried to play soccer with four on a side? Come out this way some-



THE CINCINNATI PIONEERS

It is needless to say that the Father was pleased indeed to greet his Cincinnati sons for the first time

the Sisters at St. Joseph's Academy, Mount Washington, now occupy the vacant places on the sides of our Altar.

Student manual labor has managed to supply many of our needs in other parts of the house; a table for the recreation room; bookcases for the study hall—products of which we are justly proud.

Despite the occasional flurries of snow, soccer and basketball still hold the center of the stage, with the same ball serving for both games. Not so

time, and try it; we guarantee that you will not have to diet to reduce.

Lest we forget, we have the makings of a fine orchestra, if our young hopefuls only persevere until we can locate a piano to drive away those blues when the skies begin to weep. Maryknoll in Ohio boasts of two violinists and a fine pianist, who keeps in practice by drumming out tunes on the parlor table. We would welcome a piano of any kind, since it would help preserve our furniture, and keep our violinists together.

PLEASE RENEW PROMPTLY

THE FIELD AFAR

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

IN the annals of our country the month of February is of special significance, for it commemorates the birthdays of our two most illustrious presidents, George Washington, the Father of his Country, and "Honest" Abe Lincoln, the great Emancipator. Each year the memory of these great men is kept alive in the hearts of our citizens, while their lives, full of accomplishment, their high ideals, and their noble sacrifices have been the constant inspiration of American youth.

Read Catholic newspapers. They will help you to consider world events from a Catholic view point, and make your Faith a more intimate part of your daily life.

AS most, if not all, of the dioceses in this country have now a Diocesan Mission Office, designated gifts for Maryknoll Missions, as for our several seminaries, can be forwarded to us through the Diocesan Director.

Maryknoll welcomes such an arrangement especially, because it illustrates united effort, that should characterize the activities of all mission-aid and mission training organizations. These two kinds of mission activities are interdependent. Of what use is mission-aid without missionaries? And how can missionaries be

trained, and later sustained, without mission-aid?

To friends who forward gifts, as directed above, for missionaries, we give assurance that there will be no undue delay. Letters from benefactors, announcing their gift, will be welcomed by the beneficiaries.

Push Catholic publications, instead of always criticising them, or apologizing for their existence.

NOW we can have at our elbow a Catholic Dictionary, and who among us will not find it useful? The hour has struck for Catholics to be ready for the questions which non-Catholic friends will ask, and to which they should have proper and exact answers.

With the disintegration of non-Catholic denominations, and with the recognized stability of the Old Church, fine men and women of our day wish to know what we believe. They begin to realize that opposition has been not to the Catholic Church, but to what the Catholic Church was supposed to be.

We urge our friends to possess the new Catholic Dictionary, if they can afford to do so. It is published by the Universal Knowledge Foundation, 19 Union Square, W., New York City, and already has found purchasers among men and women of every creed.

THE return of February, Catholic Press Month, brings with it considerations which no one who is a Catholic at heart can afford to pass over lightly. Many Catholics, and perhaps we have been among their number, have taken it rather as a matter of course that Catholic newspapers and periodicals are habitually inferior to the secular press. When they have subscribed to Catholic publications, which has not been

If you have worth while news to communicate to the press, do not always think first of secular publications. Give the Catholic press a chance to make its influence felt.

too frequently, they have been inclined to regard it as a charity, rather than as the expression of a taste for Catholic literature.

This attitude has been an unconscious reflection of the non-Catholic atmosphere of these United States of ours. Perhaps no one single influence would contribute more effectually to making this atmosphere less non-Catholic than a powerful Catholic press. On the other hand, the development of such a press requires a sufficient number of interested subscribers. And so we have a vicious circle which can be avoided only by the coöperation of an enlightened and loyal Catholic reading public. May the day soon come when a greater portion of America's twenty million Catholics will respond to the oft repeated desire of the Holy Father for the development of a representative Catholic Press.

A subscription to a mission magazine need not be merely a matter of charity. Read the magazine, and you will find that it contains much to hold your interest and increase your general knowledge.

FEBRUARY second, the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, is also the day on which, in 1861, Blessed Théophane Vénard was beheaded in Tongking, Indo-China. On the twenty-first of last November, the Feast of Our Lady's Presentation in the Temple, we celebrated the centenary of the birth of the youthful French martyr, whose days of birth and of death both fell on feasts of the Mother of God. It was to her Divine Son that he dedicated himself in the words: "I am, first of all, a man, a reasonable being created to know, love, serve, and glorify God." Just as our American youth are stimulated and aroused to noble achievement by the example of Washington and Lincoln, so, a number of our Catholic youth have found their inspiration in the life of Théophane. To the reading of the story of his life and glorious death, many can

PROMOTE OUR LORD'S INTERESTS

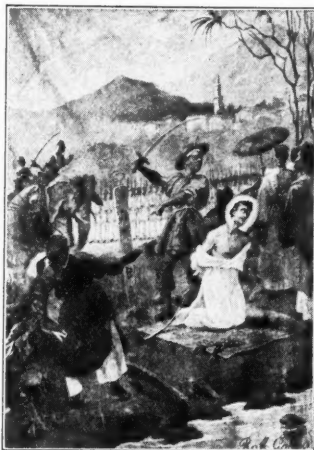
trace their vocation to the foreign missions, and their desire to "know, love, serve, and glorify God" as "fishers of men".

Make room for several mission magazines on your reading table. You do not consider the fact that you subscribe to a secular magazine a reason for not subscribing to others of a similar nature.

ON the eleventh of February, seventy-one years ago, the Blessed Virgin appeared for the first time to Bernadette Soubirous in the Grotto at Lourdes. Since that day the Grotto has been one of the holy places of the earth, and a great stream of healing has gone forth from it for all the ills of mankind, both those of body and of soul.

At Maryknoll, the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes is inseparably linked with the memory of Father Price, the co-founder of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. The devotion of Father Price to the Immaculate Conception and to the little shepherdess of Lourdes was one of the very mainsprings of his apostolic life. He was accustomed to recall especially the message given by the "Beautiful Lady" to the child during the sixth apparition, when the face of the Blessed Virgin suddenly became sorrowful, and she exclaimed, "Pray for sinners".

For Father Price, the message of Our Lady of Lourdes was essentially a mission message, a plea for coöperation in the work of her Divine Son, the redemption of souls. It appeared only a natural consequence to Father Price that he should go the whole way for Christ and souls, and seek out the pagans, those farthest from Him Who is "the Life and the Light of men". So it came about that the first Maryknoll shrine in the Orient, the little church at Yeung-kong in South China, was dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes. May the intercession of her devoted servant, now with God, win for Maryknollers and their flocks the special protection of Mary, Queen of Apostles.



TO BLESSED THEOPHANE,
MARTYR

Thou, happy martyr, in the hour of death

Didst taste the deep delight of suffering;

Thou didst declare, e'en with thy dying breath,

That it is sweet to suffer for the King.

When the stern headsman made thee offer fair

Thy torture to abridge, how swift thy word:

"Oh, blest am I my Master's cup to share!

Long let my suffering last with Christ my Lord!"

(The Little Flower of Jesus)

WE say sometimes that the Church is a missionary Church, meaning that it is missionary in purpose. But it is also missionary *in fact*; for the greater part of the Catholic Church, considered geographically, is mission territory. Africa, Asia, Oceania, much of South America, and parts of North America are mission lands. More than two-thirds of the Kingdom of God is, therefore, entrusted to missionaries.

The National Catholic Welfare Council has done much within recent years to raise the standard of the Catholic Press in our country, but a completely satisfactory result cannot be attained without a greater number of subscribers to Catholic publications.

MISSIONS NEED SCHOOLS

THE THIRD HERO

You revere, and rightly, the two great men honored by our country this month. Do you likewise revere and love the third "hero" of February, him whose heavenly birthday falls on the second? The back cover will tell you more about him.

Such a thought remained with us as we read the Annual Financial Report of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

To sustain 47,924 missionaries (priests, Sisters and Brothers), and their works, throughout five hundred and seventy-six Missions or Dioceses, exceeding ten times the combined area of Europe and the United States, the Society distributed \$2,603,798.00.

That is to say, the Society gave an average of \$59.92 per year to each missionary, or \$4,731.00 to each Mission or Diocese.

The total amount distributed would not meet the needs of one American Diocese—yet the Missions are one thousand times as large as the average American Diocese.

From the same report, it appears that Americans have been notably generous to the Missions—44% of the total contribution to the Propagation of the Faith was made by Catholic Americans. For a country heavily burdened with church building and school development, such mission aid merits nothing but praise. Nevertheless, there remains an arresting disproportion between the actual need and the subsidy—however generous—offered to meet it.

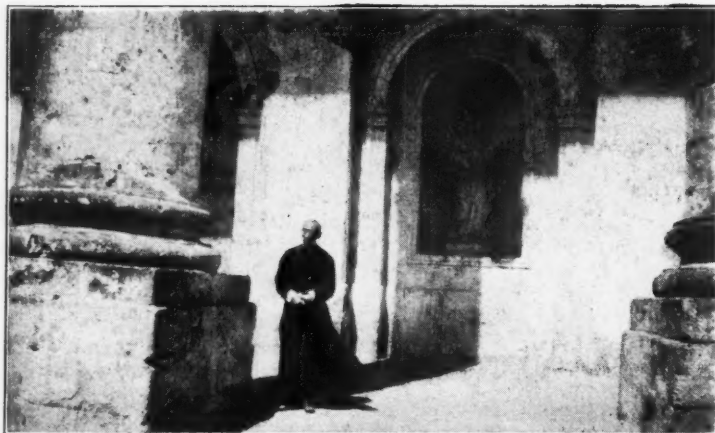
The Missions, we repeat, form the greater part of the Church, yet they are so circumstanced that their existence depends from year to year upon the assistance of the Faithful in other lands.

Distributed to five hundred and seventy-six Missions, the aid given seems little more than a pittance; and we are prompted to ask with the Apostles, "Lord, what are these among so many?"

Shall we, like them, await a miracle of multiplication?

A Challenge and

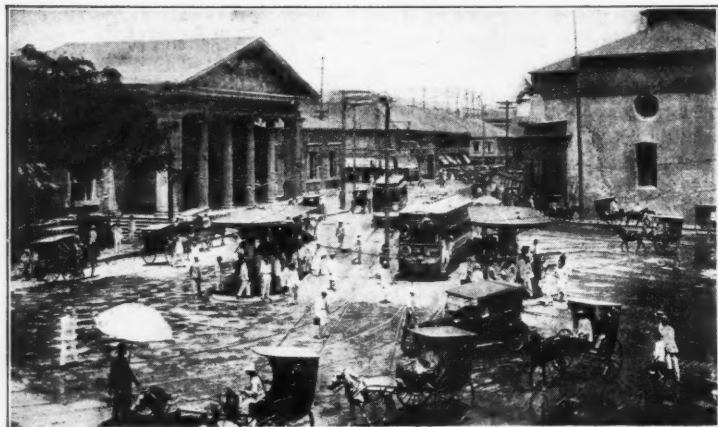
By F. Droug



A NATIVE PRIEST OUTSIDE ST. BARTOLOMEO'S CHURCH, MALABON
This church, which is next to the Normal School directed by the Maryknoll Sisters in Malabon, is as large as a cathedral



DURING RECREATION HOURS
The students of the Malabon Normal School will help supply the great need in the Islands of trained Catholic teachers



A BUSY PLAZA IN MANILA



AFTER thirty years of American occupation, the Philippines have become a mission problem. I do not mean that the Filipinos have become barbaric or less educated, but that the people, once Catholic, now need fresh conviction and renewed confidence in the Faith which was their glory long ago. To the missionary, this faltering doubt is a call to arms. Once, the Faith formed the background of Filipino life; it was the mould into which social customs and political theories were cast. Today, the educated Filipino mind is touched with skepticism, or unbelief.

The Confident Years—

Many circumstances contributed to this change. Thirty years ago, the world stride had quickened, unprecedented social development followed modern inventions; the discoveries of science had enlarged human knowledge and facilities. Science seemed then to lend its support to rationalism; and evolution was blared, as by a battle trumpet, over fields where once had sounded the triumphant Laudate of the Church. Thirty years ago, a confident and slightly patronizing America went to the Philippines. In those days we were dreaming of a republican empire (we had defeated Spain and thought to pick up her laurels), and we made the rather silly assumption that subject peoples are necessarily backward peoples. The Filipinos were to be given our institutions *en bloc*, and our ideas of life and government—and even our theories. A person abroad is always more dogmatic and confident than when at home, and in dealing with a foreign people there is a great temptation to assume omniscience. It is so with nations. What a Department of the Interior doubts, a Foreign Department will assert.

We realize today that the "nineteen hundreds" overstated the case. Science has since proved how little we know—the West went

e and Our Answer

By F. Drought

to war, and the East freed itself. We now have doubts even about democracy; we have developed educational method, and lost educational direction; we are building more churches than ever.

A Challenge—

But the Faith of the Philippines is still the victim of that vain overconfidence. There remain thousands of Filipinos who fear that the march of the world has left the Church behind; thousands who feel that American, or world progress was conditioned by non-Catholic rationalism, or who think and say that Catholics in America are an insignificant and ignorant minority. Yet, American Catholics should have been the first to go to the aid of the Filipino. We should have made at least as great an effort to preserve the Faith as certain Protestant sects have made to destroy it.

The majority of American school-teachers in the Philippines have always been Protestant; some of them, as well as some of the directors of the Bureau of Education, were former missionaries. Needless to say, the Catholic religion is not taught in the schools. The Methodist Publishing House, and the American Bible Society are established in Manila. The YMCA and the YWCA are firmly and extensively organized—even in the public schools. There are numerous anti-Catholic magazines and periodicals in English.

This is not the place to criticise such activity, to blame, nor to praise. I merely state it as a fact. The missionaries may be sincere in their convictions. But are we to be less sincere?

Our Response—

Year after year, the Bishops of the Philippines have appealed to the Catholics of America for help. American priests and religious are necessary in a country that is rapidly becoming English-speaking and American-mannered. With what result? What has been the response? We have remailed used magazines; we have sent



ON THE WAY TO PASTURE

These huge beasts are very gentle with the native children, but they sometimes attack strangers



AT SAINT PAUL'S HOSPITAL, MANILA

The Maryknoll Sisters in charge of the hospital have the consolation of recording many Baptisms



A NIPA HUT BRACED AGAINST TYPHOONS

some money. The American Jesuit Fathers have one mission in a southern Island, called Mindanao, and they have an efficient school, the Ateneo, in Manila. The Maryknoll Fathers are in charge of three hostels for students in Manila; and the Maryknoll Sisters conduct an elementary and normal school at Malabon, in addition to a girls' dormitory and a hospital in Manila. Excepting two army chaplains, and a secular priest, who is doing splendid work as secretary to the Bishop of Jaro, I know of no other American Catholic mission workers in the Philippine Islands.

The European missionaries—Mill Hill, Scheut, Divine Word—are there in greater numbers; all of them speaking English, and trying to answer needs arising from the introduction of American thought and manners. They, with the Filipino and Spanish Fathers, are carrying the greater share of the burdens. Nevertheless, they are among the first to say that we Catholics of America should strive to grasp the vital needs and the imminent dangers in those beautiful Isles of Faith, where now the flag of our country proudly flies.

A Flame That Flickers—

Thirty years have passed. The church bells still ring, the *fiestas* are still observed; colorful processions still give witness of the religious sentiment. On the wide thoroughfares of Manila one may yet see the blue sash of Lourdes, the white knotted cord of St. An-

A MEMORIAL THAT COUNTS

A memorial room in some house of God is surely a blessed idea, especially when it will be devoted to the use of successive aspirant apostles for generations to come. We ask for the privilege of sponsoring such a room in the Maryknoll Seminary five hundred dollars, which will include the inscription of the donor's name on the door.

thony, the black dress of Sorrows, the brown habit of Assisi. At morning and night, many families gather to recite the rosary, and the Litany of Mary.

But there is a furtive feeling of misgiving; as if the new education will ultimately take them away forever from the customs of devotion which they so love. The young men are getting to the back of the churches; they are the last to arrive for Mass, and the first to leave. One feels they are making a concession to the Faith of their fathers, to a tradition that is older than Americanism. But the inspiration is not there; the high, enthusiastic courage of Catholic conviction is not there.

So little would be required to rekindle the fluttering flame of devotion, to strengthen and encourage this still Catholic, and most lovable people. They have been looking to America—and we have answered with some magazines, a little money, and a few missionaries.

A REEL OPPORTUNITY

FR. CAIRNS, better known to his many friends as "Fr. Sandy", has found that illustrated lectures on the Faith have a strong attraction for pagans. He sends the following account of his latest venture in this field:

There is a New Baby at the Sun Chong Catholic Mission. Strange, but true. However, we hasten to add that it is not a flesh and blood infant—but a camera, the trade name of which is Pathé Baby. It's a small machine, fits in the coat pocket, and takes actual movies. Tiny ones, but real movies.

We saw the projector in operation nearly a year ago in Hong Kong, and the operator showed us "The Life of Christ". It appealed to us as an excellent way of attracting pagans to our illustrated religious lectures. The Pathé Baby took our eye, moved our heart, and we dug down into our jeans to find the \$66 (Hong Kong dollars) or \$33 (U. S. currency), but they weren't there. That was nearly a year ago. But since then we bought the baby, and have taken some pictures, which are fair for a first attempt. We now offer a privilege to any movie-goer, or even to a non-movie fan. It is this:

Buy the "Life of Christ", 2 reels
\$8.50 U. S.

Buy the projector, magneto, lamp, etc.
\$50 U. S.

Buy a reel of film
\$4.25 U. S.

This is a reel opportunity to spend some movie money for God.



FR. SHERIDAN, M.M., WITH KNIGHTS AND HANDMAIDS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT AT SAINT RITA HALL, MANILA

Distinguished Visitors—and Other Items

AN unusual kind of visitor is a Trappist Monk. One called recently, and some of our youthful members expressed surprise that our guest could break his rule of silence. The youths forgot that the Mother Church governs with common sense, as also with grace from on high.

Our Trappist visitor was the Prior of a Monastery in Japan, at Hakodate, and we are pleased to say that he had not forgotten how to speak. He told us much that was interesting and edifying about Japanese Catholic Trappists.

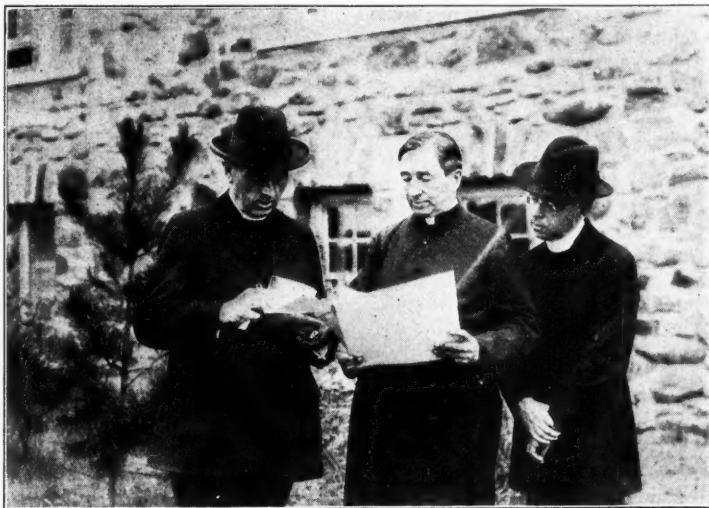
LIKE most ordinary folks, we enjoy telling our friends about the prominent people who visit us, and there have been many such dropping in from time to time. Among higher ecclesiastics, we have had Cardinals and Apostolic Delegates, but we were unusually interested when the newspapers announced the name of the newly appointed Cardinal Archbishop of Paris.

It was not so long ago that His Eminence, then plain Fr. Verdier, S.S., came to America as Visitor for his Society, the much esteemed Sulpician Fathers, to whom so many American priests owe their training.

That was Fr. Verdier's first visit to this country, and he was received at the dock in New York by a confrère, Fr. Viéban, S.S., and the Maryknoll "Number One". It was a Saturday evening, and the little party of three motored up to Maryknoll where the future Cardinal of Paris spent the night, offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass the following morning. Father Foto was on hand and operative, but failed to realize that later his "victim" was going to sit on the episcopal throne of Paris, wearing the robes of a Prince of the Church.

One can never tell who will be who among our passing guests.

Ad multos annos, Cardinal Verdier!



WHEN HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL VERDIER VISITED MARYKNOLL
Cardinal, then Fr., Verdier, S.S. Fr. General Fr. Viéban, S.S.

A NINETEENTH century foundation in Europe was that of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary—Sisters whose white habits and gray mantles may be seen today in many countries.

After forty years, these "White Sisters", as they are sometimes called, had an enrollment of four thousand; after fifty years, five thousand. Their ranks increase by about one hundred a year, and all under an unpretentious woman, Mother Mary of St. Michael, their Superior General, who visited this country for the first time last autumn, honoring Maryknoll in passing.

We learn now with special pleasure that the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary have opened a novitiate for the United States in the diocese of Providence, under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Rt. Rev. William A. Hickey, D.D. This is as it should be, and we are certain that vocations will not be lacking among the young women of these United States.

By the way, how would you like to direct nearly six thousand women, of some thirty-odd nationalities? That is the task of Mother Mary of St. Michael, and yet it

seems small when we think of another valiant little woman (who also visited Maryknoll last year), the Mother General of the Sisters of Charity, whose spiritual daughters number today *forty* thousand. A veritable army this, held together by the only one possible force—the Grace of God.

Fr. Price's Grotto—

DOWN in the woods, beautifully shrouded in white these days, is Father Price's Grotto of Lourdes, now visited daily by the Sisters. Before helping to found the Maryknoll Society, Father Price was a zealous missionary in his homeland of North Carolina, and there he suffered from bigots rebuffs and indignities far worse than ever fell to his later lot in China. But, throughout his triple career of missionary in the Southland, co-founder of Maryknoll, and apostle to China, he was sustained and inspired by the fullness of his absorbing devotion to Mother Mary; a devotion that was in-

stilled by his own mother, nourished in the seminary, and that flowered most wondrously up to the very moment of his death in South China.

In the estimation of those who knew him best, Father Price was a saint; in possessing him Maryknoll has treasure in heaven. The Queen of Heaven has already showed herself a very dear Mother to us on Mary's Knoll. The anniversary this month of Our Lady's first apparition to Bernadette Soubirous, the holy child to whom Father Price had such a strong devotion, reminds us that she doubtless listens very willingly in heaven to him who listened so well to her bidding, while on earth.

Black Diamonds—

THE Maryknoll Procurator, a slip of paper in one hand, was the eloquent center of an awe-stricken group.

"What's it all about?" we whispered to another innocent bystander. "Oh, he's discoursing about the snow, and the coal bills. Somebody sent him ten dollars, a gift for coal, and thought it ought to keep us in cinders for at least a month. More likely a day, this weather."

Even while the obliging bystander spoke, however, the Procurator manifested signs of cheering up. "Oh, well," said he, "it might be worse. After all Maryknoll is a big place; boilers do have hungry stomachs; and, alas and alack, not one of a thousand of our friends ever thinks of throwing a ton of coal at us. . . . I suppose it seems like setting a match to money."

If any friend can back our library to the extent of one hundred and fifty dollars, a completely revised 1929 edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica would be a welcome addition to our store of volumes. Members of the faculty find that the Encyclopedia contains a mine of information which would be of real value to our aspirant missionaries.

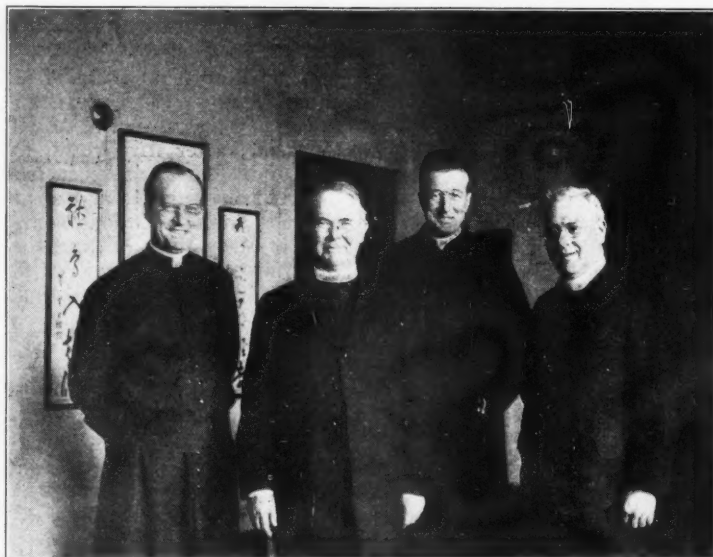


WHEN SMILES DISAPPEAR

Fr. Foto snaps victims of the midyear examinations

"But there's another side to it too," he went on, warming up to the burning question of the hour. "We use our steam three, no *four* times. Why, our Maryknoll steam must be actually *tired* when it gets through working. First it turns a dynamo—to give us light by night,

and run our printing machines and other motors by day; when it leaves the dynamo, some of it goes off to cook in the seminary and the convent kitchens, while more of it works two big hot-water circulating pumps, to heat all the buildings. And what makes the



A REUNION OF OLD FRIENDS

Fr. Lane

Fr. Halloran

Fr. Byrne

Fr. Flynn

READ "A MODERN MARTYR"

water hot?" he anticipated us. "Why, the very exhaust from these self-same pumps. So there you are," says he; "we use the same steam four times."

"Sodeska! It must be pretty weak when it finally escapes," we ventured.

"Who told you it ever escaped?" he said, with a challenging look in his eye. "What might hope to escape is caught in condensers, and sent back to the boilers to make the rounds again."

"That's almost perpetual motion, isn't it?"

"The steam sticks by us pretty well," he agreed, "but the only thing perpetual about the coal is the bill. You never saw a more immortal bill. You think you kill it; that it's finished forever—then, lo and behold ye, it pops up the next month healthier than ever."

"But we have to have it. We must keep the wheels turning and the icicles melting. Mark my word! Some day some very original fellow is going to say, 'Well, they need chapels in China, but they need coal in America, to take care of these youngsters who are going out to China later, and so I'm going to send 'em a ton or two of black diamonds!' This day will come," said the Procurator as he turned to tell Brother Ashe where to dump the load of cinders. "It will come; I prophesy it!"

"And meanwhile?" we queried.

"Meanwhile," he growled, "let everybody keep on praying—for *Der Tag*."

Pleasure? Work?—

"ALL pleasures are relative," said the seminarian-barber, as he deftly applied the caustic stick to the neck of a potential martyr, "but some of them seem to me to be closely related to hard work. Take those squads of Brothers that go flying around here, chaperoning cinders, cutting dead trees down and up, milking and repairing cows and trucks, juggling hammers and saws and paint brushes—why, to see them, you would think they were work-



PREPARING FOR MANCHURIAN BLIZZARDS

ing, but to hear them, they're having the time of their lives. They get as much kick out of manual labor as they do out of football."

"And speaking of football," he continued, "when you talk about Notre Dame winning every game last season, don't forget that it didn't play the Maryknoll soccer team. Why these Maryknollers play soccer on ice, just to get hardened up for Manchurian blizzards. Soccer on ice," he repeated, "though there be those who might call it hockey."

"Who bit you in the ear?" said he to Brother-victim next.

"A frozen snowdrift," said Brother, "when my skis got pigeon-toed. There were six of us

tearing down Sunset Hill in a race, but the race is not always to the swift, nor," he added feelingly, "to the pigeon-toed. We had a great morning of it, though, and this afternoon we're all off to Echo Lake for skating, and potato racing, and such."

"Just think of the poor fellows from other seminaries," he went on, and the chorus all joined in. "They're probably spending this midyear vacation going down to see if there's anything doing at the K. of C. rooms. Whereas we are having the time of our lives, with a two weeks' bust on skates and skis, and basketball, and all day hikes; even the two hours of manual labor have a zip and a tang to 'em; while the evening smokes before the fireplace, and the radio make a supremely perfect end to a perfect day."

"Yes, indeed! Those poor domestic seminarians," sighed the latest in the chair, gently wiping away a furtive tear, as the barber reached again for the caustic stick.

ALTARS IN MANY LANDS

It may surprise our friends to learn that, in the various Maryknoll establishments at home and over seas, nearly a hundred altars are in use. Fortunately, all are supplied with chalices. Through the kindness of tabernacle societies, the Circles, we have rarely been obliged to purchase linens or vestments. Missals, however, are lacking, and, of course, our bills for altar wine, altar-breads, and candles for the Sacrifice are a notable item, of which we would gladly be relieved in whole or in part.

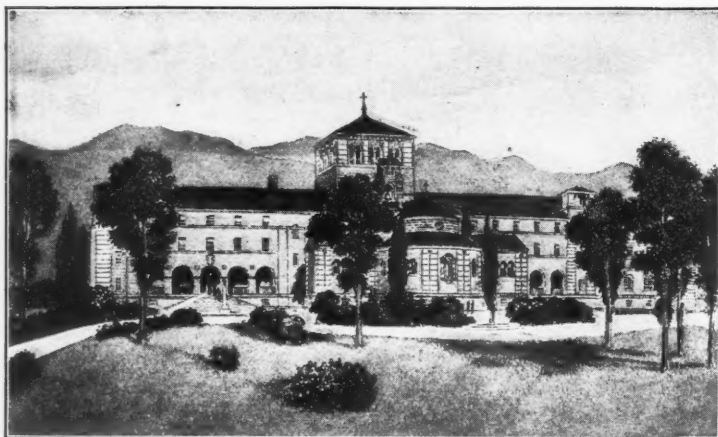
MAKE IT STRINGLESS

Only one who has directed a large organization, or a person who has visited Maryknoll, can appreciate the multiplicity of needs in a work such as ours. Some of these needs appeal; more fall quite flat. That is why the stringless gift, which can be applied where the need is most urgent, is the one which best helps the mission cause.

Get into your Mite Box the fruit of sacrifice, and it will help the cause so much the more.

ADOPT A MARYKNOLLER

A REPORT FROM THE VENARD



THE VENARD COLLEGE IS NOW PRACTICALLY COMPLETED

THE Feast of the Epiphany marked the return of all Vénarders from the Christmas vacation and holidays. Of course, there is no place like home, but it takes only a few months at the Vénard to make our young aspirants feel that the word *home* has a much larger and wider meaning than they formerly supposed. For them, it soon embraces the Vénard also. While it is proverbially true that none have a deeper attachment to the family hearthstone than the missionary, it is also certain that he learns quicker than any one else to make the place of his deepest interest his home also. After all, this is as it should be, for the life of the missionary calls for a readiness to adapt oneself to whatever conditions or circumstances duty may bring. We are happy to note this sentiment manifesting itself in our young apostles. It will never make less intense their affection for the paternal dwelling, but it will keep away the bugbear of homesickness.

The returning students were delighted to find their own Lake Downs covered with a glassy surface that beckoned for new, or sharpened skates. Before the departure at Christmas, some skating was enjoyed on the lake, but the real season of winter sports at the Vénard belongs to January and February. Hockey receives much attention, but, for the most part, is confined to inter-class, or "inter-state" competition among the Vénarders themselves.

After a couple of preliminary games

before the holidays, the basketball team was ready for another big season. Four leagues of four teams each are contesting for the Senior, Junior, Intermediate, and "Midget" championships of the college.

We were fortunate in being able to organize and use our new Library, early this winter. A designated gift from a thoughtful friend enabled us to erect steel shelves, and the generosity of Scranton priests has helped us to fill them with worth while and interesting books. Our good friend, Father Martin King, pastor of Clarks Summit, has spent much of his spare time in the last few months going from rectory to rectory, demanding books for the Vénard Library. Several times a week, he has brought a goodly haul of books to the college. Brothers and students are building tables, but the Library itself awaits a benefactor. The memorial tablet is still vacant—a yawning space

—awaiting the name of its patron. "The cost?" some one asks. Not much, when its simple beauty, practicability, and we might add durability, are considered. Who would not yearn for the chance to become a rival of the late steel magnet for ten thousand dollars?

The new chapel, St. Michael's, is a memorial to the late Bishop Hoban of Scranton. The Holy Sacrifice was offered there for the first time just before the students departed for the holidays. The chapel itself, and the five oratories, as well as the Lady Chapel, still appeal to those who wish to enshrine the memory of this devoted friend of the missions in the spot he loved so well.

We were going to mention the use we are making of the new *Infirmiry* in taking care of our ailing Vénarders, but if we did, we could hardly resist saying that the two wards await donors, at the rate of five thousand dollars each. Consequently, we must refrain this time from doing so. We can vouch, however, that these wards are pleasant enough to invite students to get sick—that is, at examination time.

Examinations had to be mentioned. The end of January marked the close of the first term of the school year. Following the completion of the examinations, a holiday was spent as a winter outing. The Feast of our heavenly patron, Blessed Théophane, which concurs with the Feast of the Purification, February second, officially marked the half-way stone of the year. Incidentally, we note that we are approaching the seventieth anniversary of his martyrdom.

A day of retreat ushered in the new term, and now all are driving full steam ahead for the completion of a banner year, the first in our completed—but unpaid for, building.

OUR VENARD PREPARATORY COLLEGE

At the Venard Preparatory College in Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania, over one hundred boys are training to be Maryknoll missionaries. The feast of Blessed Theophane Venard, their patron, is the second of this month. Why not, in his honor, make a sacrifice to meet the cost of the completion of this School of Apostles in the Pennsylvania hills?

In Arabia, Long Ago

By Fr. Drought



Ships of the Desert



SOON we will reach the plains of Asir and the land of the Nabateans. Within a week, perhaps, unless the gulf wind blows over the desert."

Ibn Saud was encouraging his young son, Feisal, as they made their way south across Arabia, fleeing from the power of Rome which had already reached to south-eastern Syria to conquer the Arab nomad, or to drive him from the fertile plains to the sparse lands of Trans-jordan and the desert of Nejd.

Palestine had long been taken and the Jews subdued. The Greek had fallen before the Roman. But the Arab freeman, with the aid of his feudal lords, the Ghassans, had fought, or fled like some wild, untamed creature that would pay its life for freedom. And so they were going now, choosing their way; a little band, of which Ibn Saud was the chieftain, homeless in the desert.

The day had been long, and the pitiless heat seemed to parch the very sinews. Mile on mile without an oasis, and only an occasional well of bitter, fetid waters. The rocky pass of Kaybhur gave way, in the late afternoon, to long mounds of sandy dunes in a desert plain, with featureless horizon. Fine sand spun in a rising wind and beat upon the faces of the travellers; and they lowered the veils from their turbans to prevent the stinging attack which makes travel all but impossible.

The pass led to a deep ravine, in which they had planned to spend the night. Here, a few palm trees had taken root, and desert grasses grew under the shelter of the limestone cliffs. Precious water could be found, too—

a sweet-water well, the only one this side of the Wady Yarmuk. The camels were watered, then tied by their halters to fixed posts, placed in the lee of the wind. As the desert night came on, the noisy chatter of camp settling and the evening meal seemed borne away with the soft murmurs of the dark. A camel raised its weird, whinnying cry, sharp and painful. Then quiet, the quiet of the desert, the awful stillness that brings with it, as nothing else in this world does, a sense of spiritual elevation.

"My father, it is good to be away from the cities, cities of noisy bargainings, of quarrels and deceptions. I hate the Romans, yet I would gladly leave them the cities. But the desert is ours."

"They shall be satisfied only when they have all," said Ibn Saud. But the great bodies of their soldiers will warp under the dry heats. I would we might crush them under the hoofs of our wild horses. Meantime, we are safe and free."

"I would be always so," murmured Feisal.

"Ah, that may not be. Warfare brings bitter fortune."

"Can we not live ever in the desert?"

"And die of thirst, and hunger?"

"Strange that we must fight for bread and freedom."

"You are a man now, and should not find life strange."

"It is injustice I find strange."

"Even so—it is the way of men."

"In Damascus, a Jew told me that their God would soon relieve them."

"What does a Jew know? He worships a spirit in the sky."

"He said their God would send a prophet."

"Better that He send a soldier-king, like their David of old."

"No, he spoke of peace and freedom and justice until I wondered if it could not be, and wished, if it were true—wished almost—that I were a Jew."

"It is cold, my son. Wrap thy rug about thee and rest. An Arab does not become a Jew."

The air was keen, and touched faintly with the dusty smell of dried loam. Feisal breathed deeply in cooling draughts, and was soon asleep, tired with the travel of the day, calmed by the night, and his half-spoken dreams of hope. The sharp shadows of the crags lengthened in the pale light of the winter moon. The sky was star-gemmed, jewel clustered—with one star, to the west, pendant, and warmly bright.

A camel stirred, then whinnied sharply. Ibn Saud rose quickly. Travellers? By night?

Enemies? friends?

"Feisal, someone is coming. There are many camels."

The dull sound of saddle strappings, the shuffling swish of camel hoofs in the dry sand; the voiceless murmur of a moving caravan. Soon it appeared, a dark, masked, bobbing form, entering the ravine wherein Ibn Saud and his company had settled. All were awake now; watchful, but without fear. At a word, they silently mounted their camels. Ibn Saud rode forward, and the caravan halted. To his greeting came the answer:

"Not brothers, but friends and strangers from afar."

"The peace of the desert be yours", Ibn Saud answered, and withdrew.

Not so Feisal, who had followed him. What rich company could this be, with many pack camels? What were they conveying? And who were they who



SUNSET, AND DESERT STILLNESS

SPREAD YOUR FAITH

rode like women, seated in palanquins? And why did they go swiftly, by night?

The caravan was moving now.

"Give way, brother", someone called to Feisal. He reined close, keeping to the side while the camels passed.

But he would learn more! Hurrying after the last of the guards, he asked where they were going.

"We follow yonder star", he said.

"That can not be", Feisal answered, "for it is beyond the reach of land."

"It is our guide. Have you not marked its movement in the sky?"

"And who are your chieftains?"

"They are Kings: Melchior, Kasper, and Balthassar."

"And why do they follow?"

"To find the King of the Jews."

"The Promised One", asked Feisal, "the Prince of Peace of Whom the Jews speak?"

"The very One."

"And has He come?"

"The star does herald it. We go to bear Him gifts and worship Him."

The traveller moved on.

Feisal did not notice him. Gifts and worship—kings, and a prophet!

The wind blew chill; the snuffed breathing of the beasts seemed loud and disturbing. "The desert ever his home?" Feisal felt suddenly the unutterable loneliness of that desert, wherein one forgets and is forgotten. He looked after the caravan, huddled shapes, shadows swaying in the moonlight. On, on, they were urging the camels now—away; away from him; and he away from them, and from the hope in which they sped! Kings, and a prophet!—the splendor of their meeting; gifts, and worship—heads bowed; gold, and incense.

Gifts? He might have sent his Damascus scarf of purple, and the green stone he had found in the Kurd mountains. But was not this a prophet of the Jews? And what had an Arab to do with the Jews? Yet, why this longing pain? Did God, too, forget the Arab of the desert? An unnoticed tear cooled gently on his cheek. Feisal turned back. A meteor crossed the sky in trailing radiance, and, to the west, one star seemed set—a bright jewel on the brow of the far-off hills.

The Field Afar for life, \$50.

Can This Idea Be Realized?

THE publisher of a widely circulated secular magazine, in conversation sometime ago with a Maryknoller, stated that no small proportion of his circulation came through the public schools; and knowing the character of THE FIELD AFAR, he suggested its appropriateness for use in Catholic schools throughout the country.

The idea was worth trying, although we knew that it could not be realized without constant effort.

Already we have secured a measure of success, due to unusually keen interest of pastors and of individual teachers—mostly Sisters. The last scholastic year, 1928-29, was our best, and the year 1929-30 has begun well. THE FIELD AFAR is being used in classrooms to illustrate geography, and to provide subjects for compositions, or reading exercises.

It has caught the attention of students, some of whom purchase copies and bring them to their homes. The practical result of this kind of circulation will be to quicken the mission spirit, and to obtain vocations for the Church at home and abroad; and the youth of this generation will be our adult helpers in the next.

Such letters as the following, from a teaching Sister in New York State, encourage us:

Kindly enter our order for one hundred copies of THE FIELD AFAR, to begin with the October number.

I enclose money order to cover fifty copies of the above order for the year. I have already received forty-five copies of the September number. May we have five more copies for our subscribers?

My new Juniors are a very promising set of missionaries, and I hope to be able to increase the little we have been doing.

The Cincinnati Welcome

FORTUNATE, indeed, was Maryknoll to have been invited to pitch one of its tents within the borders of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati. The spirit of the Cincinnati

welcome is best expressed in the words of its revered Archbishop, who, on the occasion of the St. Gregory Diocesan Seminary Dedication, said, as reported by the *Catholic Telegraph*:

It is most consoling that the new St. Gregory Seminary has attracted the greatest missionary force of America—the Maryknoll Society. It is a compliment to us. It will also be a great privilege for our seminary to encourage and prove helpful to this young, but vigorous and most promising society. One of the means of securing God's choicest blessings for our own seminary, and for the work of our priests at home, is to be generous to those who are making extraordinary sacrifices to lay the foundations of the Church in places where the name of Christ is not known, and where His Altar has never been set up. I hope both the priests and the faithful of the Archdiocese will give a practical expression of their interest in Maryknoll. Its development here beside us cannot fail to be an example and an inspiration to us.

Tom's Bright Idea

A young Japanese woman was baptized recently at a Maryknoll Mission on the Pacific Coast. She is the oldest in her family, and, as a university student, is highly respected by her younger brothers.

Among these is Tom, five years old, who heard with awe that his big sister had become a Catholic.

This interested Tom, and, for certain reasons of his own, he asked his sister what one must do when one becomes a Catholic. His sister told him that one must be very good, must not get angry, or be rude, or unkind, or fight, adding certain other don'ts. Tom retired, quite satisfied, and a few moments later his sister, reading in her room, overheard the newly instructed hopeful addressing his younger brother as follows: *You just do that once more, and I'll give you a good punch. I—can't scold me any more, because she's a Catholic.*

BECOME an Associate Member.

SUPPORT A CATECHIST

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE

Johnny in the Land of the Bluegown

"We're flying over Manchuria now, Johnny." Father Chin was pointing out the sights to Johnny Junior as the two of them flew over Manchuria in their little plane, the *Bluegown*.

"Are we here so soon? Where shall we stop first?"

"We can head over towards Fushun and land at the Mission House of our Maryknoll priests down there."

"Oh! a flyer's life is the life for me—hum-diddle—"

"We two together, Father and I, Fly over the housetops, into the sky; We flew through Korea, and over Japan,

We're headed now to see the Manchurian."

"Say, Father, our Maryknoll priests didn't come north, up here, when they first came to China, did they?"

"No, they began in South China. We will fly down through there later, and perhaps we may visit Tongking in Indo-China, the place where Théophane Vénard was martyred. It was sixty-nine years ago the second of this month that he was killed."

"Oh! I hope we shall go there; but about our priests, Father—wasn't Father Price one of the first to come to China from Maryknoll?"

"Yes, Johnny. He didn't live long after he got here, but even in that short time the people learned to love him and to reverence his holiness."

"I'm sure he must have been very holy; I have just finished reading his life again—and I think he was a saint."

"I feel sure of it, myself. In fact, I pray to him often, and I have just finished a novena to him."

"He ought to be one of the patrons of our American boys who want to be missionaries."

"Yessir, Johnny, and he ought to be the patron of all boys who want to be

"I feel like a nickel," said he, as he slipped through the slit in the mite box. And he was.

"I wish I were a twenty dollar gold piece." But he wasn't.

Mary Ellen Junior, however, was making a GOLDEN sacrifice in bidding goodbye to MR. NICKEL. And Mr. Nickel was satisfied. So was Father Chin.



Tombstone which marks the grave of Father Price in Happy Valley Cemetery, Hong Kong

priests; one of his devotions was the saying of five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys to Our Blessed Mother, that he might be a holy priest."

"Don't you think Blessed Mother must have granted him his request?"

Every once in awhile Father Chin opens a letter, and out tumbles a photograph. This has been going on for a long time, but within the past twelve months there is a special reason why Johnny Junior turns a somersault everytime he sees Father Chin looking at a new photograph. Johnny is quite interested in dramatics; whenever he fills an order for mission plays, he watches the mail for a picture of the cast. And he hasn't been disappointed. All the way from Canada to New Mexico, they come; and from San Francisco clear across to the Bronx, New York; from the State of Washington in the Northwest to Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut in the Northeast. Splendid reports have been received from Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky, Virginia, Delaware, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. A play always means hours of practice and preparation, and in the end—a delighted audience; when it happens to be a mission play, there is the added zest of being transported into Oriental surroundings, and the certainty that, directly or indirectly, real mission interest is being aroused. Don't forget that Lent is just the time to put over a mission play. Make your selection, or let Father Chin make it for you.

"Indeed, Johnny; when we go south we can stop at his grave in Happy Valley Cemetery, and say an extra Hail Mary for all our missionaries, and one for our Juniors."

"He had great devotion to Mary Immaculate, and to Bernadette of Lourdes, didn't he? Remember the grotto he had in the woods back at Maryknoll, just across the road from our office? You told me, yourself, that he used to go there and pray."

"That's true, Johnny, and that is where I made a novena to him last December, for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. But look, there's Fushun; can you make a landing in that field? You'd better pass over it, and then bank the plane and go down against the wind, or there may be danger of our upsetting."

"So! this is Maryknoll in Manchuria; hurrah!"

*Johnny Mite Box to our house did come one day,
To the pocket books he had a word to say.
Not a coin escaped his "purple bag" so small,
For he took the coppers, nickels, dimes and all.
Quite delighted (with a chuckle and a grin),
Right away he scampered, back to Father Chin.*

STUDY THE MISSIONS

THE MARYKROLL JUNIOR LEAGUE

DEAR JUNIORS:

A friend of mine, a priest in one of the cities of the South, is anxious to have the boys and girls of his school know all about the missions and what the missionaries are doing. Some time ago he read them the life of Theophane Venard, and then asked if any of them wanted to be missionaries. One small boy said, "I will be a missionary like Theophane—if God wants me to be one."

Most of you will remember, that Theophane was only nine years old when he read the life of Charles Cornay, a French missionary who had just been martyred in Tongking. He closed the book, and said to his companions, "I too will go to Tongking, and I too will be a martyr."

February second is the sixty-ninth anniversary of his martyrdom. He received his glorious crown on the feast of the Presentation of the Child Jesus in the Temple. There is a short life of Blessed Theophane written especially for Juniors, and if you will drop me a line I shall be happy to send you your copy. After you have read his life, ask yourself point-blank: "Shall I be a missionary?" If you have an excuse, put to yourself the second "point-blank" question: "Is it a genuine excuse before God?" Then, if it is really genuine, follow it up with a third one: "Isn't it possible for my difficulties to disappear later on?" Ask of Jesus and Mary many missionary vocations for the boys and girls of America.

Yours for more missionaries,

Father Chin



BILLY JONES, PROBLEM

*Seated atop a pile of stones,
And deep in thought was Billy Jones!
I wonder what—I wonder what—
I wonder what I'll be?
A Fireman or a Soldier or
A Sailor on the sea—
An Engineer, a Trombone Man,
Or how about a Cop?
Oh! my, oh! me, it's something fierce;
I'll have a talk with Pop.
And still I'd like to be a Priest,
A Missioner, I mean;
But, gosh, I'm just a little kid,
In fact, not quite thirteen.
It seems to me that Sister said
The Venard College is the place
Where kids like me can study hard
And grow in missionary grace.
Hurrah for me! Hi-Diddle-Dee!
I'd like to shout and cheer!
I'll write today; hurrah, I say!
That's where I'll be next year.
The problem is solved for Billy Jones,
Smiling atop a pile of stones.*

First prize in the Juniors' Drawing Contest goes to Robert Ingalls, a Fourth Grade pupil of Our Lady's Academy, Manteno, Ill. Robert gives promise of being a first-class artist. He portrayed the cave in which Blessed Théophane hid from his persecutors, and also showed Théophane, himself, kneeling in prayer. Robert supplied the halo above Théophane's head, and the words of his prayer.

Awards of merit go to Anna Marie Falvilla, Bronx, N. Y., John Wilson, Pittsfield, Mass., and to Robert Helman, Mathew Baskar, Joseph Portuese and Santo Basile, St. Aemilian's, St. Francis, Wis.

A-B-C's OF THE MISSIONS

Z - Zeal

Zealous young Apostles hearken
Every prayer you send to Heaven
All the sacrifice you offer,
Leaves behind a magic leaven!

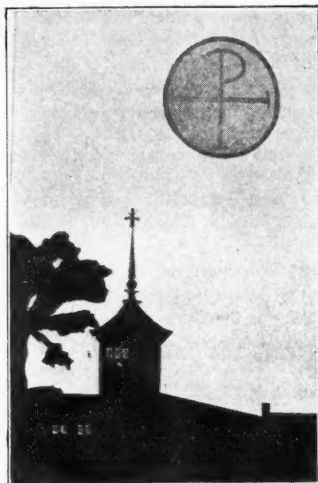


Zeal of Christ's dear little children
Ever burning, watchful, bright,
As a lamp that's hung in Heaven
Lighting up the pagan night.



WORK FOR THE MISSIONS

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE



POSTER CONTEST

Father Chin has discovered that our young people are quite clever with the scissors, as well as the pen and the brush, so here is another field for competition—a Poster Contest. The poster shown above is the work of Mary Spano, a Fourth Grade Junior of St. John the Evangelist School, Schenectady, N. Y. Here is your chance, Juniors, to express the fine mission ideas which ought to come to light and be rewarded! Three prizes for originality and neatness. Contest closes March 1st.

TWICE A GIFT

Enclosed find a check for \$1. My little son received it for a present on his seventh birthday and asked that I send it for the missions.—*Mrs. Irene C. Gieson, Berkeley, Calif.*

NO WONDER

I'm an ardent lover of Blessed Théophane Vénard! One of the nuns here at school gave me "A Modern Martyr" to read. There is where my first love for him sprang. The book was so striking that you just couldn't help really "falling in love with him!"—*Eugenia Schmitt, Ursuline Academy, Springfield, Ill.*

KEEPING UP THE WORK

Since we came to the Fifth Grade we have tried to continue the work left by the former Juniors. We are enclosing five dollars for the ransom of a baby to be called James Joseph.—*Fifth Grade Boys, St. Patrick's School, So. Lawrence, Mass.*

NOTE THE "N.B."

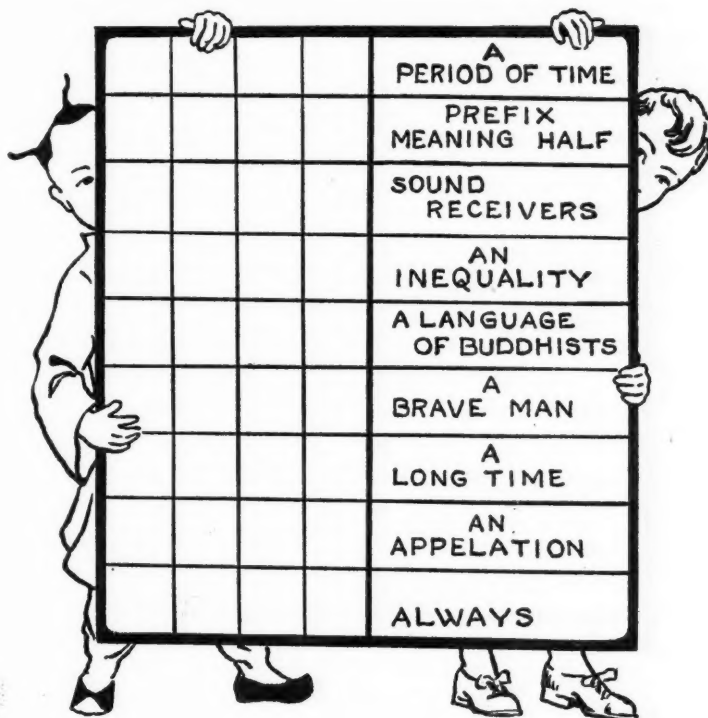
Dear Feather Chin: This is just an offering from our Juniors with best wishes for your success. N.B. We're keeping up the prayers.—*Gertrude Walsh, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

PUZZLE PRIZE WINNER

Father Chin's desk was deluged with solutions to the puzzle of the falling leaves, and he has had to order another wire basket to hold the monthly puzzle answers. It speaks well for our ambitious Juniors. Edna White, San Francisco, Calif., must have had her pencil ready and her thinking cap on before the postman had the November copy of THE FIELD AFAR out of his mail bag; her answer was in the mail on October 29th! So Edna captured first prize. The following Juniors received Honorable Mention for early solutions and neatness: Florence Wilhelmy, San Jose, Calif., Anna Reyman, Corona, L. I., N. Y., Dorothy Ward, Norwich, Conn., Margaret Meehan, Mt. Verona, N. Y., Edward Burns, Belmont, Mass., and Margaret Murray, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

JUNIOR BANNER AWARD

The third Maryknoll Junior Banner of the season has travelled out to St. Louis, Missouri, where it received a rousing welcome from the pupils of the Visitation Academy. Almost every class in the grades and in the high school has a claim on the banner—so Father Chin diplomatically awarded it to the entire Academy. He feels quite certain that the banner is going to be a source of competition among the classes. The Seventh Grade, for example, is divided into two sides. Each side tries to get five dollars as soon as possible. The side that gets it first buys the baby. In the higher classes, a Mission Week is held once a month. Bridge parties, picture shows, and candy sales form part of the program. Who says they aren't 100% missionaries!



Sammy American and his Chinese Cousin like this puzzle because it has in it the name of a martyr whom they love. Solve the puzzle and you will know who the martyr is. Write in the spaces of each line, a four letter word, the meaning of which is indicated in the space at the side. The first column of letters, reading downwards, will spell the name of the priest martyr. He was martyred in a district south of China. The last column will spell a word telling you the nature of his work. A prize for the nearest solution.

BOOST THE LEAGUE



Crusade Notes

VARIOUS Units, in the Academies of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, are building the Mater Admirabilis Burse for the support of a Chinese aspirant to the priesthood. Contributions have come from Duschene Unit, Overbrook, Pa.; Jeanne D' Arc Unit, New York City; and from Crusaders of the College of the Sacred Heart of Manhattanville, N. Y.; Rochester, N. Y., and Grosse Point Farms, Mich. *Mater Admirabilis* is the special title under which pupils of the Academies of the Sacred Heart love to honor their heavenly Mother. Recently the Crusaders of Sacred Heart Academy, Newton, Mass., sent in a substantial check to be applied as their share in the Burse. It is, perhaps, one of the most heartening phases of the missionary's work—to know that the youth of his adopted country are being trained to spread the apostolate among their fellow-countrymen. He looks on these native seminarians with joy, knowing that in God's Providence they will one day reap a rich harvest, and will bring to fruition his own labors for the salvation of souls. Here, in the homeland, Crusaders can do much to as-

sist the missionary in building up a native clergy, and it is encouraging to find Units appreciating this phase of mission work.

The James Cardinal Gibbons Unit of St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., remembered Maryknoll with a generous and "stringless" gift. These seminarians will carry out in their own apostolic work a zeal for souls that should draw down untold blessings on their priestly undertakings.

Crusaders of Marywood School, Evanston, Ill., took care of their adopted missionary at Christmastide—"in all manner of ways". They sent Father Tibesar Christmas letters, a Spiritual Bouquet, a generous Christmas gift in the shape of a three-figure check, a box of religious articles, and, last but not least—some Christmas sweets. Both Father Tibesar and his growing flock of Christians and catechumens had reason to rejoice over the thoughtfulness of the Marywood Unit, and to keep these benefactors in mind before their Eucharistic King in His Orient Home.

The Secretary of the Fremin Mission Unit, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "We are interested readers of your *FIELD AFAR* here at Nazareth College. I gave a review of the latest issue at our last meeting and I think I sold the magazine to quite a few students, including myself." These Crusaders have adopted Father Charles Hilbert, and keep him in their prayers and benefactions.

The Paul Volk Unit, Mt. St. Joseph's Academy, St. Joseph, Ky., have enrolled their Juniors in the Maryknoll Junior League, and have promised to send us news from their Unit. They use *THE FIELD AFAR* along with their mission program, and report that they "could not get along without it."

Father Patrick Cleary, one of our missionaries in Korea, is an alumnus of St. Andrew's Preparatory Seminary, Rochester, N. Y. The St. Andrew Mission Unit evidenced much interest in a talk on Korea by Rev. Patrick J. Byrne, M.M., formerly in charge of Maryknoll's Korean missions, and now Assistant Superior at the Home Knoll. A glance over the Mission Page of St. Andrew's fine little publication, the *Sator Junior*, reveals some "Mission Flashes" worth noting:

The President hopes to have a missionary "from the front" at every mission meeting. Have you been offering your prayers at the beginning and end of each class for the missions?

Our library is well equipped to furnish you with mission knowledge. Increase your knowledge and love by frequent reading.

St. Mary-of-the-Woods Unit, Indiana, are keeping our missionaries in their prayers, particularly in visits to their Eucharistic King, in their Perpetual Adoration Chapel. They have an active interest in Father Regan, Kwangsi, China. These Crusaders are devoted to Blessed Théophane Vénard, and a visit to St. Mary-of-the-Woods would confirm this. They were one of the many Units taking part in the centennial celebration of Blessed Théophane's birth.

Bishop Walsh and Father Paulhus, with some native aspirants to the priesthood, snapped outside the Kay-ying Seminary. Do you know that \$1,500 will found a burse for the education of a native seminarian? Could you make this one of the goals of your mission activity during 1930?



SUPPORT A NATIVE SEMINARIAN

Circles

[A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles formed in a parish are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.]

Address

Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

MARYKNOLL extends a hearty welcome to the latest additions to our Circle ranks, the St. Jude Circle of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania; and the St. Teresa Circle of Concord, New Hampshire. An increase in the number of our Circle friends means more prayers for the missions, and our men and Sisters in the field are keenly conscious that whatever success has crowned their labors has been in large measure due, under God, to the spiritual coöperation of helpers in the homeland.

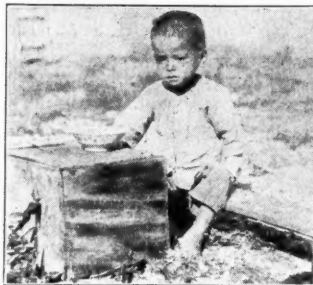
Last summer, Msgr. Ford, the Prefect Apostolic of our Maryknoll Kaying Mission in South China, was present at a meeting of Circle delegates in the Circles' Chi Rho Chalet. He learned for the first time, on this occasion, that the Maryknoll Circles arrange to have a Mass offered once a month for Maryknoll missionaries and their work. This discovery made a deep impression on the Monsignor, as he said it explained to him spiritual victories on the mission field which he had never been able to account for otherwise.

When you finish your Rosary, go back to the Cross with an Our Father, three Hail Marys, and the Glory be to the Father. Offer these prayers for Maryknollers and their work.

A "kitchen shower" reached our hilltop recently, labelled for a mission in distant Manchuria, and donated by the St. Rose of Lima Circle of New York City. The "shower" contained everything,

from large spoons and carving set to roasting pans and mixing bowls. The Manchu missionary will now have an opportunity to practice the Chinese he has been learning, when he attempts to explain the use of the articles to his native cook.

The same Circle sent for a Maryknoll missionary in South China a generous check of three figures, to be applied toward the purchase of a metal tabernacle.



BETTER DAYS AHEAD

An S-O-S from our China Missions lies on the Circle Director's desk, asking for knives, forks, spoons, dishes, and kitchen utensils. The only reason why the Circle Director does not forward these articles by the next boat is that other similar requests have exhausted the supply.

The St. Blaise Circle of Oakland, California, is faithfully generous in its offering for the support of a native catechist. This form of help is a sure way of extending the frontiers of Christianity.

Circles whose activities are directed to Maryknoll needs at home and abroad are encouraged to forward their offerings through their respective Diocesan Mission Directors. They may at the same time notify the Maryknoll Center, from which an acknowledgment will be forwarded with the least possible delay.

In the Maryknoll Missions of China and Korea, beautiful Oriental linens and embroideries are made by the native women, under the direction of the Maryknoll Sisters. The Mary Immaculate Circle of Kingston, New York, has found an effective means of encouraging this mission activity by holding monthly sales of the Oriental handicraft. Gratifying returns have been recorded, and forwarded to the Sisters in the distant fields. Two former members of this Circle have followed the mission call, and entered the Maryknoll Sisterhood.

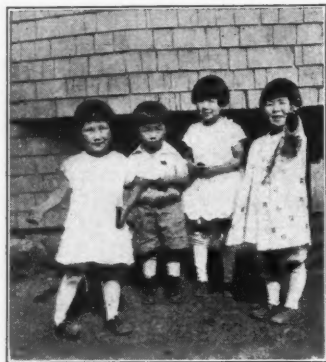
A number of our Maryknoll Sisters were at one time Circle members. God rewards even a cup of cold water given in His Name, so it is not surprising that He has recompensed the zeal of these Circles by a reward exceeding great, the privilege of a foreign mission vocation.

The Little Flower Circle of Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania, and Our Lady of the Snow Circle, also of Clarks Summit, have been generous benefactors of the Maryknoll Sisters stationed at the Vénard Preparatory College. They have supplied a number of household needs, such as linoleum for the convent floors, a carpet for the chapel, a kitchen stove, and so forth; and, in addition, they have surprised the Sisters with several "stringless" gifts.

The monthly wage of a native catechist in the Maryknoll Missions of China is fifteen dollars. In Korea, where living expenses are higher, a minimum of twenty dollars is required.

Mission needs are so many that it is hardly surprising that some appeals should pass unheeded. However, the appeals are few and far between that remain unnoticed by the Little Flower Circle of Derby, Connecticut. Their generous response has been repeatedly a source of strong encouragement in our labors for the souls of those still in darkness and the shadow of death.

What the New Year Brought



Japanese tots like holy cards and often plead for them

EACH succeeding month at Maryknoll reveals its surprises in gifts from friends inspired by the Master of the Vineyard. Since our last issue, some stringless gifts brought special encouragement. We were also gratified by the confidence manifested in our work by several benefactors, who took out annuities mounting into three figures each.

Maryknollers in the fields afar were not gladdened by three generous donations for the training of native seminarians. This is charity of the eternal kind, since its results for many souls will be everlasting.

Our seminaries in the homeland were not forgotten. A memorial room was taken in the Major Seminary at the Center, and another friend contributed a sum designated as a gift toward the support of a student in the Vénard Preparatory College.

Three fellow priests opened their hearts and purses wide to the plea of our Bishop Walsh, who, after the first Maryknoll General Chapter of last August, remained for a few months in the United States interceding for his needy field in South China, Maryknoll's first Mission in the Orient, the Vicariate Apostolic of Kongmoon.

Four reverend friends of the Boston archdiocese contributed

generous amounts toward the completion of the Father Chapon Burse. The Burse to the memory of this beloved priest now stands at the head of the list of incomplete Maryknoll Student Burses.

Friends are surprised to learn that one of our steadiest and best sources of revenue is *wills*. As a rule, the legacies received are not large, but they come with gratifying frequency, and they are usually "stringless".

These wills surprised us, too, because, in many cases, we had not heard of, nor been in correspondence with the testators. These represent various sections of our country, and some, few, of course, other countries.

Lawyer friends, here and there, will account to some extent for this precious help, but we owe most to God's grace that inspires gifts, and to the coöperation of His faithful children.

NATIVE CATECHIST FOUNDATIONS

\$4,000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family), whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for Baptism.

Yeungkong Fund, II.....	\$1,877.65
Fr. Price Memorial Burse.....	693.60
Archbishop Williams Burse.....	532.80
Bl. Julie Billiart Burse.....	373.00

NATIVE STUDENT BURSES

\$1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

M. C. Burse.....	1,396.60
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	1,194.00
Little Flower Burse.....	1,127.28
Mary Mother of God Burse.....	808.13
Christ the King Burse, No. 2.....	700.00
SS. Ann and John Burse.....	700.00
Mater Admirabilis Burse.....	688.00
M. J. D. Burse.....	500.00
St. Ambrose Burse.....	400.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	301.60
St. Patrick Burse.....	239.00

AT LITURGY CLASS, MANILA

Sister: What is a corporal?
Filipino pupil (with the army in mind): A pastor's assistant.

ADOPT A MARYKNOLLER

IN MEMORIAM

Please pray for the souls of:

Rev. Philip J. Mooney; Mother Priorress Teresa of Jesus; Sr. Hortense McNeelis; Sr. M. Bona Smith; Mrs. N. Gilligan; Edward Featherston; Mrs. Charles A. Young; Caroline F. Roth; James Gilmartin; Mrs. Philip Candlon; Margaret Dougherty; Mr. Reckley; Mary Ablett; Thomas Cox; Mrs. C. E. Snider; Mrs. A. Brunty; Mary King; Hugh King; John A. Lennon; Mrs. Anna E. Horan; Minor C. Keith; Mary Du Rack; Maurice E. Sullivan; Nellie Cantwell; Miss Williams; Mrs. Gertrude Timm; Harriet Bingham; Leona Bingham; Mrs. Annie Connelly; Mrs. Ellen Hughes; John Doherty; Margaret Merrick; Mrs. Journey; Mrs. A. W. Bacon.

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Deceased: Maurice Buckley; John and Ellen Cordon; Mary Cummins; Edward A. and Frank Markey; Hannah Lavelle; John F. Kehoe; Aimée B. Junker; John and Margaret Larkin; Anne Nash; Bridget Kane; Timothy Driscoll; John Driscoll; Julia Driscoll; Dorothy M. B. Wilson; Frank Miller.

LOVERS OF LOURDES

This month of the apparitions is an excellent time to make or renew acquaintance with two devoted clients of Our Lady. The biographies of Father Price and Bernadette are described on the back cover.

AMERICAN STUDENT BURSES

A bursar is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges.

FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY

(\$5,000 each)

Fr. Chapon Bursar.....	4,543.60
College of Mt. St. Vincent Bursar..	4,500.00
St. Michael Bursar, No. 2.....	14,500.00
St. Patrick Bursar.....	4,355.47
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Bursar...	4,262.71
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Bursar	4,050.00
St. Francis of Assisi Bursar, No. 1.	14,000.00
St. Anthony Bursar.....	3,980.13
St. Michael's Parish, Lowell, Bursar	3,895.10
Curé of Ars Bursar.....	3,727.35
St. Anne Bursar.....	3,694.83
Michael J. Egan Memorial Bursar...	3,400.00
Dunwoodie Seminary Bursar.....	3,266.54
N. M. Bursar.....	3,000.00
Bl. Louise de Marillac Bursar.....	2,856.12
Pius X Bursar.....	2,853.30
Bishop Molloy Bursar.....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Bursar.....	2,759.25
Holy Child Jesus Bursar.....	2,681.85
Marywood College Bursar.....	2,325.50
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Bursar....	2,228.19
Our Lady of Lourdes Bursar.....	2,222.63
Archbishop Ireland Bursar.....	2,101.00
Mother Seton Bursar.....	2,031.68
Bernadette of Lourdes Bursar.....	1,834.75
St. Dominic Bursar.....	1,834.69
St. Michael Bursar.....	1,796.50
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Bursar	1,617.06
Duluth Diocese Bursar.....	1,611.70
St. Agnes Bursar.....	1,454.88
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America Bursar.....	1,410.28
Fr. Nummey Bursar of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill..	1,402.55
St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Bursar	1,132.10
St. John Baptist Bursar.....	1,070.11
Manchester Diocese Bursar.....	1,000.00
St. Vincent de Paul Bursar, No. 2	1,000.00
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Children of Mary Bursar.....	621.05
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St. Joan of Arc Bursar.....	501.61
St. Bridget Bursar.....	481.00
The Holy Name Bursar.....	469.65
St. Louis Archdiocese Bursar.....	430.00
C.C.W. Bursar of the Five Wounds	400.00
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St. Peter Bursar.....	104.07

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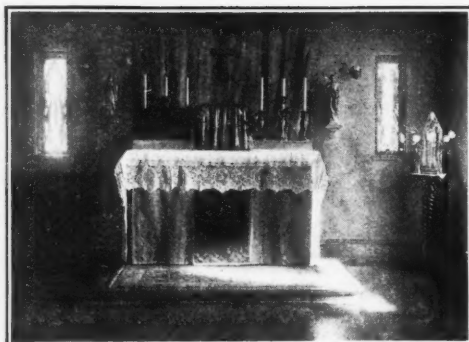
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Assisted by
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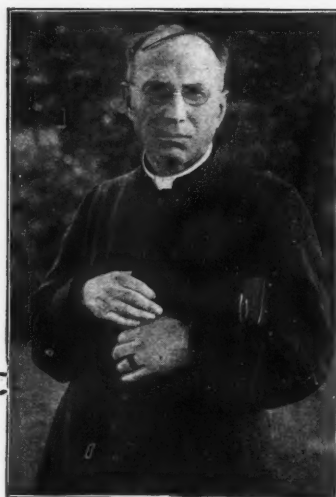
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